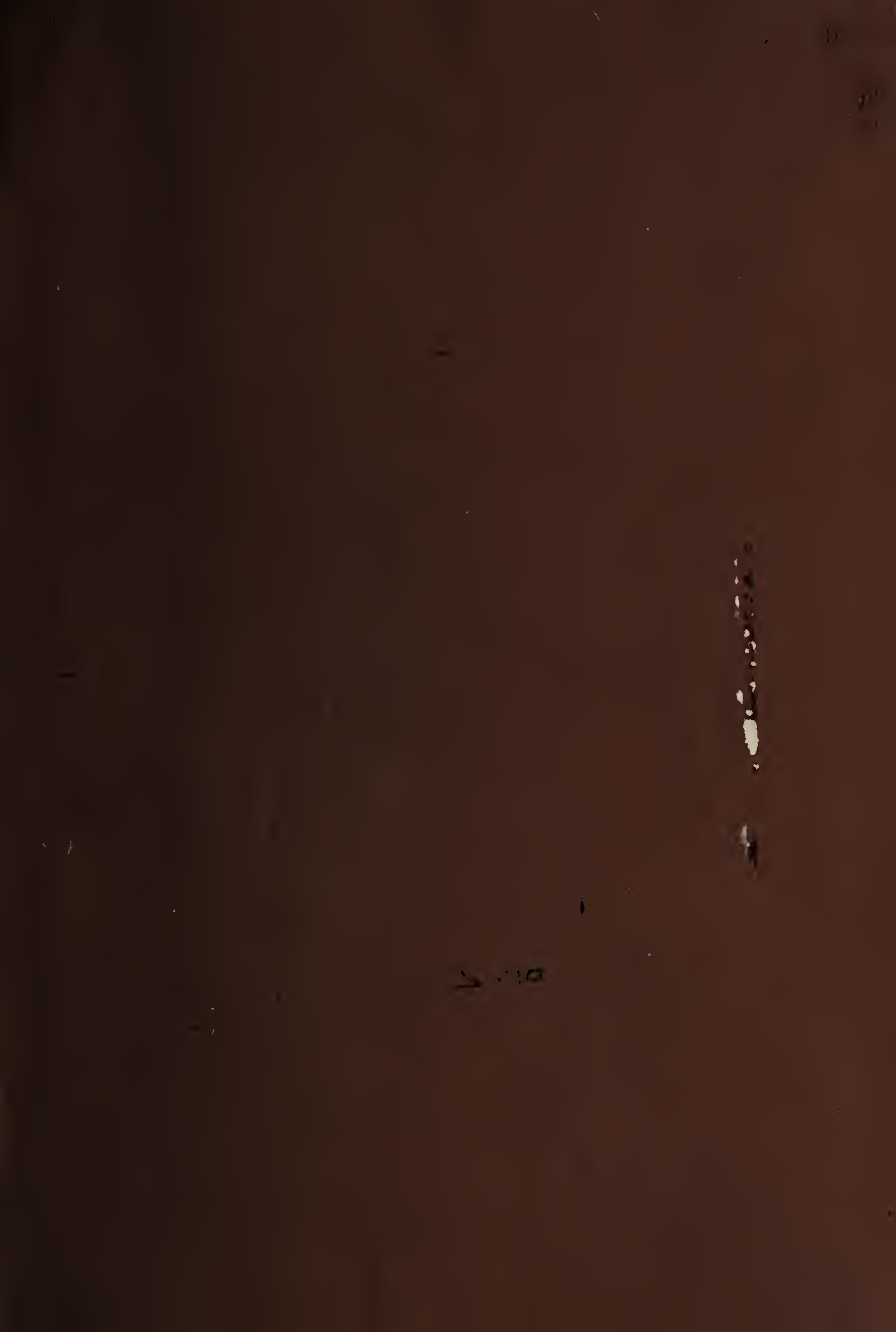


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BEING

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PREFACE.



THE favor with which the first series of Hymns of the Ages was received, has led us to prepare a second, including, with hymns of a like character, many others which the plan of that forced us unwillingly to reject.

For the previous volume we sought such utterances as in their gentle mysticism embodied a religious *sentiment*, fitted to console and soothe, to bind up broken reeds: in the present, our purpose being rather to strengthen the reeds that they may not break, and haply bend them into use,—we have given with less sentiment, more religious *thought*.

Because both of their obscurity and striking merit, large selections are presented from verse-

writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "from the tender and earnest numbers of Southwell and Crashaw and Habington," the gentle symphonies of Vaughan, the rugged verse of Donne and Jeremy Taylor, from the quaint "Church Emblems" of Quarles, and the voluminous "Hallelujah" of Wither, which touched with a poetic glow each object of every-day life.

For the rest, we have, like the householder, brought together things "new and old:" some of the latter we must thank the German writers for passing on to us, and Miss Winkworth and others for translating. We are also indebted to the compilers of a little Scottish Hymn Book, which, when we discovered the two worn volumes, had been through a score of editions at Edinburgh.

Choosing irrespective of creed, we have been often guided by rare and deep associations of the past; hymns there are here which have been breathed by dying lips, traced on the walls of prisons, sung with hushed voices in catacombs, or joyfully chanted on the battle-march, or fearlessly at the stake.

The poet Robert Southwell, when in prison awaiting martyrdom nearly three hundred years ago, wrote thus to his friend: "We have sung the canticles of the Lord in a strange land, and in this desert we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone; but" —— "We now sow the seed with tears, that others hereafter may with joy carry in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries."

The martyr's prophecy has seemed to us nearing accomplishment, as in the course of our pleasant labor, we have gone back gleaning these precious handfuls which the years let fall.

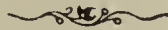
C. S. W.

A. E. G.

Roxbury, July, 1860.



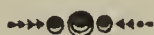
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HYMNS OF THE AGES.

ASPIRATION.



THE OFFERING.

THEY gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense and gold ;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy majesty,
Whom Thou redeemedst when we were sold ?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither ;
Vile dirt and clay ;
Yet it is soft and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst rather ;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.

Jeremy Taylor. 1650.

PEACE.

MY soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentrie
All skilfull in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my soul, awake !)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan. 1621-1695.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love, —
The love of Christ to me.

He only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

O that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this, —
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove.
Thou know'st, (for all to Thee is known,
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Thou know'st that Thee I love.

O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above ;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

Charles Wesley.



THE ANSWER.

“**A**LLAH, Allah !” cried the sick man, racked with
pain the long night through ;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like
honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter ; said, “ Call louder,
child of Pain !
See if Allah ever hear, or answers, ‘ HERE AM I,’ again.”

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses
went ;

To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness,
sent.

Then, before him, stands Elias ; says, "My child, why
thus dismayed ?

Dost repent thy former fervor ? Is thy soul of prayer
afraid ? "

" Ah ! " he cried, " I 've called so often ; never heard
the ' Here am I ' ;

And I thought, God will not pity ; will not turn on
me his eye. "

Then the grave Elias answered, " God said, ' Rise,
Elias ; go

Speak to him, the sorely tempted ; lift him from his gulf
of woe.

" ' Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering
cry ;

That HIS prayer, " Come, gracious Allah ! " is MY
answer, " Here am I. " "

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled ;
And in every ' O my Father ! ' flumbers deep a ' Here,
my child. '

Dscheladeddin.

Tholuck's version. Translated by Rev. James F. Clarke.

CHEAP MEDICINE.

THAT which makes us have no need
Of phyfic, that's phyfic indeed.
Hark hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments that upon her fit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-cloth'd soul that's not oppress'd
Nor chok'd with what she should be dress'd;—
A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin, aerial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy streams;
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven rides in a summer's day?
Would'st see a man, whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunéd humors be

A seat of rarest harmony?
Would'ft see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Would'ft see December smile?
Would'ft see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow? —
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, would'ft see a man that can
Live to be old — and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, would'ft thou see?
Hark hither! and thyself be he.

Richard Crashaw. 1637-1650.



VIRTUE.



IF Virtue be thy guide,
True comfort is thy path,
And thou secure from erring steps,
That lead to vengeance wrath.

Not widest open door,
Nor spacious ways she goes ;
To straight and narrow gate and way,
She calls, she leads, she shows.

She calls, the fewest come ;
She leads the humble spirited ;
She shows them rest at race's end,
Soul's rest to heaven invited.

'Tis she that offers most ;
'Tis she that most refuse ;
'Tis she prevents the broad way plagues,
Which most do wilful choose.

Do choose the wide, the broad,
The left-hand way and gate :
These Vice applauds, these Virtue loathes,
And teacheth hers to hate.

Her ways are pleasant ways,
Upon the right-hand side ;
And heavenly happy is that soul
Takes Virtue for her guide.

Robert Southwell. 1562-1569.



WALKING IN LIGHT.

WALK in the light!—So shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above !

Walk in the light !—And sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ our Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain !

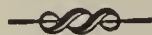
Walk in the light !—And thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is !

Walk in the light! — And thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone,
 In which is perfect day!

Walk in the light! — And even the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there!

Walk in the light! — And thou shalt see
 A path, though thorny, bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God Himself is light!

Barton.



VEIL, Lord, mine eyes till she be past,
 When Folly tempts my sight;
 Keep Thou my palate and my taste
 From gluttonous delight.
 Stop Thou mine ear from syrens' songs,
 My tongue from lies restrain;
 Withhold my hands from doing wrongs,
 My feet from courses vain:

Teach, likewise, ev'ry other sense
 To act an honest part,

But chiefly settle innocence
 And pureness in my heart :
 So nought without me or within,
 Shall work an ill effect,
 By tempting me to act a sin,
 Or virtues to neglect.

George Wither. 1588-1667.

FAME.

WHAT shall I do lest life in silence pass?
 And if it do,
 And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
 What need'st thou rue?
 Remember, aye the Ocean deeps are mute;
 The shallows roar;
 Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
 Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?
 Thy duty ever.
 This did full many who yet slept unknown,—
 Oh! never, never!
 Think'st thou perchance, that they remain unknown
 Whom *thou* know'st not?
 By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown,—
 Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
 Discharge aright
 The simple dues with which each day is rife?
 Yea, with thy might.
 Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
 Will life be fled,
 While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
 Shall live, though dead.

From Schiller.



HIDDEN GROWTH.

DEAR, secret greenness! nurs't below
 Tempests and windes and winter-nights!
 Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;
 That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
 Within itself, an outward test?
 Who breaks his glass to take more light,
 Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then blest thy secret growth, nor catch
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
 Till the white-wingéd reapers come!

Vaughan.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary lands to stray ;

The pilgrim, faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There droop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams that rise
Beneath the tree of life.

It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide has driven,
Which, paſſing from the ſhores above,
Have floated down from heaven.

So ſhall thy wounds and woes be healed
By the bleſt virtue that they bring ;
So thy parched lips ſhall be unsealed,
Thy Saviour's praise to ſing.



TRUE GAIN.



SOUL AND BODY.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Foiled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store!
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross!
Within be fed, without be rich no more!
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Shakspeare.

SOMETIME, O Lord ! at least in show,
A thankful heart we do profess,
When Thou such blessings dost bestow,
As outward riches, health, or peace ;
But for that means which may conduce
Our souls to their true bliss to raise,
We make not very frequent use
Of thankful words, or hymns of praise.

O God ! forgive this crying sin,
More wise, more thankful, let us grow,
To mend this fault let us begin,
And grace obtain more grace to show :
For corn, and wine, and oil's increase,
A body sound, a witty brain,
A free estate, an outward peace,
Without this blessing were in vain.

George Wither.



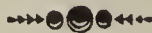
TRAVELS AT HOME.

OFT have I wished a traveller to be :
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never says enough ; yet still was crossed
When opportunities had promised most.
At last I said, What mean'st thou, wandering elf
To straggle thus ? go, travel first thyself.
Thy little world can shew thee wonders great :
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
And Afric thine affections. And if still
Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own
And nearest little world is still unknown.
Away, then, with thy quadrants, compasses,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses !
Lay by thy journals and thy diaries !
Close up thy annals and thy histories !
Study thyself, and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book, — thy conscience ! Is it fit

To labor after other knowledge so,
 And thine own nearest, dearest self not know?
 Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
 Whilst oft the soul pays for the body's fare.
 Travels at home are cheap and safe. Salvation
 Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.

He that doth live at home, and learns to know
 God and himself, needeth no further go.

Christopher Harvey.



WHY doth ambition so the mind distresse
 To make us scorne what we possesse,
 And look so farre before us, since all we
 Can hope, is varied misery?
 Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Po,
 And gently 'mong their violets throw
 Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
 Enchantments can charme griefe or care.
 Our sorrowes still pursue us; and when you
 The ruin'd capitol shall view,
 And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
 Not cure yet the disease of man,
 And banish your owne thoughts. Go travaile where
 Another Sun and starres appeare,

And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
And yet even there yourself you'll meete.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New toyes for a fantastique mind,
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
Vnder the learn'd Theffalian shade.
Direct your eyesight inward, and you'll find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
Expert in home cosmographie.
This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve:
Man's a whole world within himselfe.

Habington. 1605-1654.



THOUGHT.

COMPANION none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech, —
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have ;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

Lord Vaux. Died in 1555.

THE PILGRIM.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's only balmer
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven ;
No other balm will there be given.

Sir Walter Raleigh. 1522-1618.



BUT what, or who are we [alas]
That we in giving are so free !
Thine own before our offering was,
And all we have we have from thee.
For we are guests and strangers here,
As were our fathers in thy sight ;
Our days but shadow-like appear,
And suddenly they take their flight.

George Wither.

TRUE RICHES.

IN vain do men
The heavens of their fortunes' fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them;
For they to each such fortune do diffuse
As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his breast.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
For some that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough; but wants in greater store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fools therefore
They are which fortune do by vows devise,
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

Spenser. 1553-1599.

WHEN WE PUT OFF OUR APPAREL.

AS ere I down am couchéd there,
Where now I hope to rest,
I first from what I daily wear,
Begin to be undrest ;
So in my grave ere I shall be
In blest reposeure laid,
Of many rags yet worn by me
I must be disarray'd.

My fruitless hopes, my foolish fears,
My lust, my lofty pride,
My fleshly joys, my needless cares,
Must quite be laid aside.
Yea, that self-love which yet I wear
More near me than my skin,
Must off be pluck'd ere I shall dare
My last long sleep begin.

Of these and all such rags as these,
When I am disarray'd,
My soul and body shall have ease,
Wherever I am laid :
Nor fears of death, nor cares of life,
Shall then disquiet me ;

Nor dreaming joys, nor waking grief,
My sleep's disturbance be.

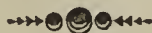
Therefore instruct Thou me, O God!
And give me grace to heed
With what vain things ourselves we load,
And what we rather need.
Oh, help me tear those clouts away,
And let them so be loathed;
That I on my last rising day
With glory may be clothed.

And now when I am naked laid,
Vouchsafe me so to arm,
That nothing make my heart afraid,
Or do my body harm.
And guard me so when down I lie,
And when I rise again;
That sleep or wake, or live or die,
I still may safe remain.

George Wither. 1588-1667.



LOVE.



LOVE.

TILL love appear, we live in anxious doubt ;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out ;
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind.
Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain ;
Love only enters as a native there,
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love, that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others, for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound :
Unruly passions, whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

Edmund Waller. 1605-1687.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

LOVE divine its word hath spoken;
Hath its life expressed; —
To the earnest, seeking spirit,
It hath given a test,
Marking the inheritors
Of its heavenly rest.
Oh, the blessing, the rich blessing!
Is it thine and mine?
Who are they, the true recipients
Of the Love Divine?
Little children, little children!
Not in years alone —
Little children in the spirit,
These He calls his own.

Have ye love, like little children?
Have ye faith as they?
Do your angels, near the Father,
See his face alway?
Then are ye within the kingdom!
Hold the blessing up!
This the “mythic hydrome”
In life’s golden cup.
’Twas o’erturned when Eden’s exiles
Closed the garden door,

But refilled again, forever
Running o'er and o'er,
With a new, divine elixir,
Emanating power,
Circling life with noble meaning
And angelic lore,
When the Holy Dove descended
Upon Jordan's shore.

Little children, young and aged,
Bear the blessing up !
Pour around the life elixir,
From your golden cup !
Love is the divine restorer
Of the souls of men ;
This the new, perpetual Eden
We must seek again.
Love is the eternal childhood ;
Hither all must come,
Who the kingdom would inherit
Of the Heavenly Home.



WHEN KINDRED MEET TOGETHER.

HOW happy is it and how sweet,
When kindred kind appear!
And when in unity we meet
As we obligéd are!
Each blessing which on one doth fall,
Will multipliéd be;
And prove a blessing to us all,
As long as we agree.

As from high hills a shower of rain
Along the valleys trills,
And as they vapour up again
A moist'ning for those hills:
So kindred, whether poor or rich,
If truly kind they prove,
Each other may advantage much,
By interchange of love.

The slenderest threads together wound,
Will make the strongest band;
And smallest rods, if closely bound,
The bender's force withstand.

But if we those asunder take,
Their strength departs away ;
And what a giant could not break,
A little infant may.

So if in concord we abide,
If true in heart we prove,
We may the more be fortified
By interchange of love.
Let us therefore, who now have met,
Observe this lesson so,
That we do not the same forget,
When we apart shall go.

Let none of us delight to tell,
Or pleasure take to hear,
Wherein his kinsman doth not well,
Or faulty may appear.
But let each of us our own crimes,
With others' errors weigh ;
And seek the fittest means and times,
To mend them what we may.

If malice injure any one
To whom allied we are,
Let us repute the wrong as done
To every person here.
Yea, if a grief, a loss, a shame,
To one of us befall ;
Let us be tender of the same,
As grievous to us all.

So we that are but linkéd yet
In bands of common kind,
Shall at the last be nearer knit
By virtues of the mind.
And when the ties of carnal kin
By death shall be undone ;
We that have so alliéd been,
Shall be forever one.

George Wither.



THERE is a plant that in its cell
All trembling seems to stand,
And bends its stalk, and folds its leaves
From each approaching hand :

And thus there is a conscious nerve
Within the human breast,
That from the rash and careless hand
Sinks and retires distressed.

The pressure rude, the touch severe,
Will raise within the mind
A nameless thrill, a secret tear,
A torture undefined.

Oh, you who are by nature form'd
Each thought refined to know !

Repress the word, the glance, that wakes
That trembling nerve to woe.

And be it still your joy to raise
The trembler from the shade,
To bind the broken, and to heal
The wound you never made.

Whene'er you see the feeling mind,
Oh, let this care begin ;
And though the cell be ne'er so low,
Respect the guest within.

Lydia Huntley.



CHARITY.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault :
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all ;
Were that withdrawn, thou too would'st swerve and halt.

Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold,—
That were an action worthy of a saint ;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when his children slide ;
Then is his holy name by men blasphemed !
And he afresh is mocked and crucified,
Even by those his bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke ;
Feel as one member in another's pain ;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

Edmeston.

ANGELIC MINISTRY.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is,—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: but O! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward;
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Edmund Spenser.

LARVÆ.

MY little maiden of four years old
(No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of gold)
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm, —
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried, — “Oh, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar !”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring, half-awed and shy,
She added, — “While they were about it, mother,
I wish they’d just finished the butterfly !”

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing !

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

Atlantic Monthly.



THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them
entering in,
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood
from sin.

The hero-martyr in that blaze uplifted his strong eye,
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his nativity!

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in
pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father's
throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of
light and flame,
Circled with them about as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for
earth to buy,
Now passéd through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go,
“Thank God! there *is* a heaven,” she cried, “though
mine is endless woe.”

The angel of the golden gate said: “Where, then,
dost thou dwell?
And who art thou that interest not?” — “A soul es-
caped from hell.”

“Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell
can never be;
God’s angel could not, if he would, bar up this door
from thee.”

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered
there,
Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and knew her
native air.

Disciple’s Hymn Book.

GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.

TIS not the skill of human art
Which gives me power my God to know ;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learnt above ;
No other master knows so well ; —
'Tis LOVE alone can tell of LOVE.

O, then of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory, see ;
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray,
To thee, O God ! my spirit wakes,
And love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

Madame Guyon.

LOVE.

NO outward mark we have to know
Who thine, O Christ, may be,
Until a Christian love doth show
Who appertains to thee :
For knowledge may be reach'd unto,
And formal justice gain'd,
But till each other love we do,
Both faith and works are feign'd.

Love is the sum of those commands,
Which Thou with thine dost leave ;
And for a mark on them it stands,
Which never can deceive :
For when our knowledge folly turns,
When shows no shew retain,
And zeal itself to nothing burns,
Then love shall still remain.

George Wither.

THE SPILT PEARLS.

HIS courtiers of the Caliph crave —
“Oh, say how this may be,
That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved by thee?

“For he is hideous as the night :
Yet when has ever chose
A nightingale for its delight
A hueless, scentless rose?”

The Caliph then — “No features fair
No comely mien are his :
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And love his glory is.

“Once when a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken casket rolled amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

“I nodding to my slaves, that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

“One only at my side remained —
Beside this Ethiop, none :
He, moveless as the steed he reined,
Behind me sat alone.

“ ‘What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side?’ —
‘My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,’ he cried.

“ ‘True servant’s title he may wear,
He only, who has not,
For his lord’s gifts, how rich soe’er,
His lord himself forgot!’ ”

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside himself to claim.

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to his gifts alone,
Not love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to his throne.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above
In vain — the golden key
Of God’s rich treasure-house of love,
Thine own will never be.

Trench.

Translated from Saadi.

FAITH THAT WORKETH BY LOVE.

WHO keepeth not God's word, yet saith,
I know the Lord, is wrong;
In him is not that blessed faith
Through which the truth is strong;
But he who hears and keeps the word,
Is not of this world, but of God.

The faith His word hath caused to shine
Will kindle love in thee;
More wouldst thou KNOW of things divine,
Deeper thy LOVE must be;
True faith not only gives thee light,
But strength to love and do the right.

He is in God, and God in him,
Who still abides in love;
'Tis love that makes the Cherubim
Obey and praise above;
For God is love, the loveless heart
Hath in His life and joy no part.

C. F. Gellert. 1757.

ACTIVE DUTY.

ARISE !

ARISE ! ye lingering saints, arise !
Remember that the might of grace,
When guilty flumbers sealed your eyes,
Awakened you to run the race ;
And let not darkness round you fall,
But hearken to the Saviour's call.

Arise !

Arise ! because the night of sin
Must flee before the light of day ;
God's glorious Gospel, shining in,
Must chase the midnight gloom away :
You cannot true disciples be
If you still walk in vanity.

Arise !

Arise ! although the flesh be weak,
The spirit willing is and true,
And servants of the Master seek
To follow where it guided to.
Belovéd ! oh, be wise indeed,
And let the spirit ever lead.

Arise !

Arise ! because our Serpent-foe,
Unwearied, strives by day and night ;
Remember, time is short below,
And wrestles on with hellish might.
Then boldly grasp both sword and shield—
Who slumbers on the battle-field ?

Arise !

Arise ! before that hour unknown —
The hour of death that comes ere long,
And comes not to the weak alone,
But to the mighty and the strong.
Belovéd oft in spirit dwell
Upon the hour that none can tell.

Arise !

Arise ! it is the Master's will :
No more His heavenly voice despise,
Why linger with the dying still ?
He calls — Arouse you, and arise !
No longer flight the Saviour's call,
It sounds to you, to me, to all.

Arise !

Ludwig Gotter.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

UP, Christian, up! — and sleep'st thou still?
Daylight is glorious on the hill!
And far advanced, the sunny glow
Laughs in the sunny vale below:
The morning's shadow, long and late,
Is stretching o'er the dial's plate.

And are thine eyes, sad waker, say,
Filled with the tears of yesterday?
Or lowers thy dark and anxious brow
Beneath to-morrow's burthen now?
New strength for every hour is given —
Daily the manna fell from heaven!

See, link by link, the chain is made,
And pearl by pearl the costly braid;
The daily thread of hopes and fears
Weaves up the woof of many years!
And well thy labour shall have sped
If well thou weav'st the daily thread.

Up, Christian, up, thy cares resign!
The past, the future, are not thine!

Show forth to-day the Saviour's praise ;
Redeem the course of evil days ;
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Falls daily nearer to the tomb !

Private Hours.



SERVING GOD.

O NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred ;
O, give me a diviner name !
Call me thy servant, Lord !

Sweet title that delighteth me —
Rank earnestly implored ;
O, what can reach my dignity ?
I am thy servant, Lord !

No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free ;
O, not mine own ! O, not mine own !
Lord, I belong to thee !

In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

Forever, Lord, thy servant choose, —
Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate,

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

T. H. Gill.



ACTION.

IT is not they who idly dwell
In cloister gray, or hermit cell,
In prayer and vigil, night and day,
Wearing all their prime away,
Lord of Heaven! that serve thee well.

Action still must wait on thought;
Life's a voyage rough though short;
We must dare the sorrow-wave,
Many a sin-storm we must brave,
Ere we reach our destined port.

Sitting listening on the shore
To the ocean's restless roar,

Never launching on the main,
Can the merchant hope to gain
Wealth to swell his treasure-store?

Vain it were to watch beside
The pits where we our talents hide;
We must face the noise and strife
Of the market-place of life,
That our trustiness be tried.

Where our Captain bids us go,
'Tis not ours to murmur, "No."
He that gives the sword and shield,
Chooses too the battle-field
On which we are to fight the foe.

Though, where'er we look around,
All we see is hostile ground,
Where our upturn'd eyes above
Recognize His banner, Love,
There it is we should be found.



REPENTANCE.

LORD, I have lain
Barren too long, and vain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to thee;
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence:
That when I come
At harvest to be reaped, and brought home,
Thine angels may
My soul in thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy and bliss
Eternal is.

If to entreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to hear,
Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt take
What thou dost make,
And not disdain
To house me, though among thy coarsest grain;
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content.

Francis Quarles. 1592-1644.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.


NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds — lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past:
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day —
We find, sadly, at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?

The Saviour looks for perfect fruit, —
We stand before him, humbled, mute ;
Waiting the words he breathes, —
“ Nothing but leaves ? ”



QUESTIONS.

WHY dost thou talk of death, laddie ?
Why dost thou long to go ?
The Master that hath placed thee here
Hath work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of heaven, laddie ?
What would'st thou say in heaven,
When the Master asks, “ What hast thou done
With the talents I have given ? ”

“ I gave thee wealth and power,
And the poor around thee spread :
Where are the sheep and lambs of mine
That thou hast reared and fed ? ”

“ I gave thee wit and eloquence
Thy brethren to persuade :

Where are the thousands by thy word
More wise and holy made?

“I placed thee in a land of light
Where the Gospel round thee shone:
Where is the heavenly-mindedness
I find in all mine own?

“And last I sent thee chastisement,
That thou might’st be my son:
Where is the trusting faith which says,
‘Father! Thy will be done’?”



NO HEART ALONE.

“I have learned,” says the melancholy Pestalozzi, “that in this wide world no one heart is able or willing to help another.”

O SAY not we through life must struggle,
Must toil and mourn alone;
That no one human heart can answer
The beatings of our own.

The stars look down from the silent heaven
Into the quiet stream,

And see themselves from its dewy depths
In fresher beauty gleam.

The sky with its pale or glowing hues,
Ever painteth the wave below ;
And the sea sends up its mist to form
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

Thus each does of the other borrow
A beauty not its own ;
And tells us that no thing in Nature
Is for itself alone.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest soul may quail :
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm may fail ;

And though all strength still comes from Heaven,
All light from God above,
Yet we may sometimes be his angels,
The Apostles of his love.

Then let us learn to help each other,
Hoping unto the end :
Who sees in every man a brother,
Shall find in each a friend.

CHARITY.

THE pilgrim and stranger, who, through the day,
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save his camel's moan,
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,
From his tent-door, at evening, the Bedouin's call:

“Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!”

For gifts, in His name, of food and rest,
The tents of Islam of God are blest.
Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love?
O Christian!—open thy heart and door,—
Cry, east and west, to the wandering poor,—

“Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!”

Miss E. J. Whittier.

MATTHEW 30: 34.

COME, blessed of my heavenly Father, come !
In the high heavens your kingdom is prepared ;
Yours is the sceptre and the rich reward ;
Haste, for your Saviour calls you to your home :
For I was hungry, and ye brought me bread ;
I thirsted, and your cooling draughts were mine ;
O'er my cold limbs the needed vest ye spread ;
A stranger was I, and ye took me in ;
I pined in sickness, and ye brought relief ;
In the deep dungeon, and ye soothed my grief :
For these, my brethren, these, the lowly poor,
Ye sent not cold and empty from your door ;
But ye relieved their wants, and heard their plea ;
'T was done for my sake, and 't was done to me !



LENT.

IS this a Fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean

From fat of neats and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragg'd to go,
 Or shew
A downcast look and sour?
No: 'Tis a fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat
 And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate;
To circumsise thy life;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not *bin*:
And that's to keep thy Lent!

Robert Herrick, 1648.

THE TWINS

“ Give ” and “ It-shall-be-given-unto-you.”

GRAND rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables — flowers on furze,
The better the uncouth :
Do roses stick like burrs ?

“ A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey-door,”
Said Luther ; “ but, seized with qualms,
The Abbot replied, ‘ We ’re poor ! ’

“ ‘ Poor, who had plenty once,
‘ When gifts fell thick as rain :
‘ But they give us nought, for the nonce,
‘ And how should we give again ? ’

“ Then the beggar, ‘ See your fins !
‘ Of old, unless I err,
‘ Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
‘ Date and Dabitur.

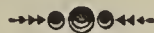
“ ‘ While Date was in good case
‘ Dabitur flourished too :

‘For Dabitur’s lenten face,
‘No wonder if Date rue.

“‘Would ye retrieve the one?
‘Try and make plump the other!
‘When Date’s penance is done,
‘Dabitur helps his brother.

“‘Only, beware relapse!’
The Abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be, perhaps,
An angel,” Luther said.

Robert Browning.



EPIPHANY.

THAT so thy blessed birth, O Christ,
Might through the world be spread about,
Thy star appeared in the East,
Whereby the Gentiles found thee out;
And offering thee myrrh, incense, gold,
Thy three-fold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that star of thine,
Thy grace, which guides to find out thee,
Within our hearts forever shine,
That thou of us found out may’st be:
And thou shalt be our King, therefore,
Our Priest and Prophet evermore.

Tears, that from true repentance drop,
Instead of myrrh, present will we :
For incense we will offer up
Our prayers and praises unto thee ;
And bring for gold each pious deed,
Which doth from saving grace proceed.

And as those wise men never went
To visit Herod any more ;
So, finding thee, we will repent
Our courses follow'd heretofore :
And that we homeward may retire,
The way by thee we will inquire.

George Wither.



THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —

The venturous barque that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the syren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,

Where its dim-dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
 no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!

Dr. O. W. Holmes.

FROM "THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER."

STILL hope! still act! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil, in tasks however mean,
For all we know of right and true, —
In this alone our worth is seen;
'T is this we were ordained to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,
By thee let others noblier live.

Oh wail not in the darksome forest,
Where thou must needs be left alone!
But, e'en when memory is sorest,
Seek out a path, and journey on.

Thou wilt have angels near above,
By whom invisible aid is given;
They journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest, except in heaven.

Sterling.

THE CLOUD VOICE.

MORTAL! on our azure pathway
Speed we where our errand lies;
Each our urn of treasures bearing,
Freshening earth with glad supplies.

By no will of ours we rose here,
By no choice of ours we live;
Powers, far, far above our scanning,
Laws inevitable give.

Our snowy forms, in mid-day air,
Our sunset tints of fire,
Our lightning-flash, our thunder-roar,
Obey a mandate higher.

Our sky-course run, our mission wrought,
Wafted forms we sink to earth,
Till that same Great Power recall us
To another new air-birth.

Thus far onward we together; —
For the forms of good and ill,

The events which cluster round thee,
These exist not through thy will.

Yet within thy human bosom
Dwells a force creative too;
Outward circumstance it fashions,
All invests with its life-hue.

And thy glory lies in using,
Right and true, this wondrous strength;
Soaring where thy chains permit thee,
Not murmuring for more length.

In the pride of human reason
Thou hast spurned a finite power,
And sought the Eternal Cause of all
To grasp in life's short hour.

Not to scan thy Father's counsels,
But perform them, is thy task;
Duty finished — then the WHY
Of thy being thou 'lt not ask.

Puzzle thee the paths of duty,
As their varied course they run?
Oh linger not in wilds of doubt!
Strike unto the nearest one.

'T will lead thee to some fairer height,
Radiant with celestial glow,

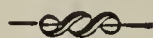
Where the prospect all before thee
Brighter, clearer, still shall grow.

Then whilst thou art upward hastening,
New visions from new heights to gain,
No more shall *how onward* vex thee; —
Duty done, life's path is plain.

Perennial Flowers.



SAINTS.



INFLUENCE.

JOY of my life, while left me here!
And still my love!
How in thy absence thou dost steere
Me from above!
A life well lead
This truth commends,
With quick or dead
It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use : the night
Is dark and long ;
The rode foul ; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o're some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long, must passe

O're dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
 As smooth as glasse;
 But these all night,
 Like candles, shed
 Their beams, and light
 Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,
 Seen as we go;
 They are that citie's shining spires
 We travell to.
 A sword-like gleame
 Kept man from sin
 First *out*; this beame
 Will guide him *in*.

Henry Vaughan. 1621-1695.



MY LOVE.

NOT as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening star,
 And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know;

God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindneses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;

Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

J. R. Lowell.



THE UPRIGHT SOUL.

LATE to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that shall endure.

It was not anything she said—
It was not anything she did:
It was the movement of her head—
The lifting of her lid.

Her little motions when she spoke,
The presence of an upright soul,
The living light that from her broke,
It was the perfect whole:

We saw it in her floating hair,
We saw it in her laughing eye;
For every look and feature there,
Wrought works that cannot die.

For she to many spirits gave
A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect,—that has power to save,
And make the doubting sure.

She passed — she went to other lands,
 She knew not of the work she did;
 The wondrous product of her hands,
 From her is ever hid.

Forever, did I say? O, no!
 The time must come when she will look
 Upon her pilgrimage below,
 And find it in God's book,

That, as she trod her path aright,
 Power from her very garments stole;
 For such is the mysterious might
 God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
 A simple thought, a common feeling,
 If He be present in the breast,
 Has from Him powers of healing.

Go, maiden, with thy golden tresses,
 Thine azure eye and changing cheek,
 Go, and forget the one who blesses
 Thy presence through the week.

Forget him: he will not forget,
 But strive to live and testify
 Thy goodness, when Earth's sun has set,
 And Time itself rolled by.

J. H. Perkins.

THE AGED PATRIARCH.

OF life's past woes the fading trace,
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression holy, deep, resigned—
The calm sublimity of mind.
Years o'er his snowy head have past,
And left him of his race the last,
Alone on earth, but yet his mien
Is bright with majesty serene ;
And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumined his eye
Whose fount is immortality ;
And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone ;
On earth by nought but pity's tie,
Detained a moment from on high,
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One from all passions purified,
Even now half mingled with the sky,
And all prepared, oh, not to die,
But, like the prophet, to aspire
To heaven's triumphal car of fire !

Mrs. Hemans.

AN EPITAPH.

THE modest front of this small floor
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can, —
“Here lies a truly honest man!”
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither church nor king;
One of those few that in this town
Honour all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practice any;
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach’d them o’er again;
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye, than to the ear;
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length;
He was a protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome;
He loved his father, yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother’s veil;
To th’ church he did allow her drefs,
True beauty to true holiness;
Peace, which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end;

When age and death call'd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for ;
Death tore not, therefore, but, sans strife,
Gently untwined his thread of life.
What remains, then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, on thy brow,
And, by his fair example's light,
Burn in thy imitation bright ?
So, while these lines can but bequeath
A life, perhaps, unto his death,
His better epitaph shall be —
His life still kept alive in thee.

Richard Crashaw. 1637-1650.



THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand ;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair ;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
 Were many changed to chips and clods,
 And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried, —
 “The loss outweighs the profit far;
 Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried.”

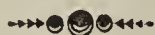
And since they could not so avail
 To check this unrelenting guest,
 They seized him, saying — “Let him test
How real is our jail!”

But, though they flew him with the sword,
 And in a fire his Touchstone burn’d,
 Its doings could not be o’erturn’d,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
 They strew’d its ashes on the breeze;
 They little guess’d each grain of these
Convey’d the perfect charm.

William Allingham.

CONTENTMENT.



GRATITUDE AND GRACE.

ALAS these visits rare and rude
Unto Thy holy place!
Our weak, wild bursts of gratitude,
Thy calm, clear deeps of grace.

Oh, never shall Thy mercy make
Our souls to rest in Thine?
Nor mortal gratitude partake
The flow of grace divine?

When shall our grateful raptures rise
Fast as Thy grace descends,
And link to endless harmonies
The love that never ends?

T. H. Gill.

CONTENT.

PEACE, muttering thoughts! and do not grudge
to keep

Within the walls of your own breast.
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark, how the fire in flints doth quiet lie
Content and warm t'itself alone;
But when it would appear to others' eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with
pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:

Where, in each room of the well-furnished tent,
He lies warm and without adventure.

Then cease discourfing, soul ; till thine own ground.
Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that, by seeking, hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

George Herbert. 1593-1635.



POVERTY.

SOME think there is no earthly state
To be abhorréd more,
Or more deserving fear or hate,
Than to be mean and poor :
Yet such a portion I have got,
That I am needy made ;
Yea, this is fallen to my lot,
And yet I am not sad.

For earth and all that therein is,
The Lord's possessions be ;
Both He is mine and I am His,
Who hath enough for me :
The rich their own providers are,
Yet sometimes they have need ;
But God hath of the poor a care,
And them doth always feed.

Though poverty seem grievous may,
And much afflicteth some,
It is the best and safest way
Unto the world to come;
For poverty in her extreme,
Nor tempts nor so perverts,
As great abundance tempteth them
Who thereon set their hearts.

Therefore, that every man might grow
With his estate content;
Thy Son, O God! this way did go,
When through this world He went;
He wealth and honor prized not,
Though we now prize it high,
And Satan, therefore, nothing got
By tempting Him thereby.

Lord! though I do sometimes complain
That outward means are scant,
And would assume that luggage fain,
Which I but think I want;
Yet when I mind how poor a life
My Saviour lived on earth,
Wealth I condemn, and all my grief
Is changed into mirth.

Let still my heart be pleased so,
Whate'er betide me shall;
Yea, make me, though I poorer grow,
Contented therewithal:

And let me not be one of them
Who, in profession poor,
Seem wealth and pleasure to contemn,
That they may cheat the more.

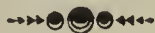
The works my calling doth propose,
Let me not idly shun ;
For he whom idleness undoes,
Is more than twice undone :
If my estate enlarge I may,
Enlarge my love to Thee ;
And though I more and more decay,
Yet let me thankful be.

For be we poor or be we rich,
If well employ'd we are,
It neither helps nor hinders much,
Things needful to prepare ;
Since God disposeth riches now,
As manna heretofore,
The feeblest gath'rer got enow,
The strongest got no more.

Nor poverty nor wealth is that
Whereby we may acquire
That blessed and most happy state,
Whereto we should aspire ;
But if Thy Spirit make me wise,
And strive to do my best,
There may be in the worst of these
A means of being blest'd.

The rich in love obtain from Thee
Thy special gifts of grace ;
The poor in spirit those men be
Who shall behold Thy face :
Lord ! grant I may be one of these,
Thus poor, or else thus rich ;
E'en whether of the two Thou please,
I care not greatly which.

George Wither.



GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

DAY by day the manna fell ;
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

“Day by day” the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day !

Lord, our times are in thy hand ;
All our sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to thine.

Thou our daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee we live ;

So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude!

Conder.



RECONCILED.

O YEARS gone down into the past;
What pleasant memories come to me,
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them, too;
To-day, aye! even this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,

Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry ;

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim ;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say —
Prayers which I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once,
Perished untimely in their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blest
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief
For moments, I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt the chastening of God's hand ; —

Then learned I that the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms ;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the wayside blind,
He is the nearest to the light,

Who crieth out most earnestly,
“Lord, that I might receive my fight!”

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
When down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I, while my soul can mount
As the young eagle mounts the skies?

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner vision sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity!

O death, most dreaded power of all,
When the last moment comes, and thou
Darkenest the windows of my soul,
Through which I look on Nature now;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
My house eternal in the heavens,
Is lighted by the smile of God!

Phæbe Carey.

CONTENT AND RICH.

I DWELL in grace's courts,
Enriched with virtue's rights ;
Faith guides my wit, love leads my will,
Hope all my mind delights..

In lowly vales I mount
To pleasure's highest pitch,
My simple dress sure honor brings,
My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest,
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth ;
A mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil ;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign :
Effects attained, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin,
Well-doing is my wealth :
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride :
Their fate is worst, that from the height
Of greater honor slide.

Silk sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear :
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late-enragéd foe
Into a quiet friend ;

And, taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe
That, pampered, would repine.

I envy not their hap
Whom favor doth advance:
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain:
All states with others' ruins built
To ruins run amain.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down:
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown;

And when, in froward mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

Robert Southwell. 1562-1594.

FOR A SERVANT.

DISCOURAGE not thyself, my soul,
Nor murmur, though compell'd we be
To live subjected to control,
When many others may be free ;
For though the pride of some disdains
Our means and much despised lot,
We shall not lose our honest pains,
Nor shall our suffrance be forgot.

To be a servant is not base,
If baseness be not in the mind,
For servants make but good the place,
Whereto their Maker them assign'd :
The greatest princes do no more,
And if sincerely I obey,
Though I am now despised and poor,
I shall become as great as they.

The Lord of heav'n and earth was pleased
A servant's form to undertake ;
By His endurance I am eased,
And serve with gladness for His sake :
Though check'd unjustly I should be,
With silence I reproofs will bear,

For much more injuréd was He
Whose deeds most worthy praises were.

He was reviled, yet naught replied,
And I will imitate the same ;
For though some faults may be denied,
In part I always faulty am :
Content with meek and humble heart,
I will abide in my degree,
And act an humble servant's part,
Till God shall call me to be free.

George Wither.



SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHEN words are weak and foes encount'ring
strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feeble part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers most think though they repine, —
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish ;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by ;
These fleet afloat while those do fill the dish.

There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high-growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe ;
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Robert Southwell.



RESIGNATION.

SAY, Reader! canst thou bear and not complain,
Grief's silent languor, or the hour of pain;
One small sick-room, with noiseless footstep tread,
And raise in peaceful hope the aching head;
Smile at the joy it is not thine to share,
And make another's pleasure soothe thy care?
Canst thou, while they beguile the weary hours
With Nature's charm of sunshine, air, and flowers,
Resigned, still quaff thy daily draught, nor mourn
O'er days long past, that never can return?
Say, canst thou look, with calm and tearless eyes,
On thy imprisoned days, and nights of sighs?
Nor of each friend who calls, implore the skill,
And watch the glance that dooms thee well or ill?
Hold out the feverish hand, nor start to see
A face that changes on beholding thee?
Firm in thy God, and in thy heavenly trust,
Canst thou remember fearless thou art dust?
Look to the future, glad and undismayed,
And, smiling, see thy life recede in shade?
Then, Reader, go—the world to thee can bring
In trials, woes, temptations, not one sting.

ALL'S WELL.

SWEET-voiced Hope, thy fine discourse
Foretold not half life's good to me :
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
To show how sweet it is to Be!
Thy witching dream
And pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power ;
Thy promise brave
From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive, — 't is sweetly said ;
Yet what to plead for know I not ;
For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray,
I've nought to say
But this, that God may be God still ;
For Him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish His will.

Oh wealth of life, beyond all bound !
Eternity each moment given !

What plummet may the Present sound?
Who promises a *future* heaven?
Or glad, or grieved,
Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
Still pours the flood
Of golden good,
And more than heart-full fills me eye.

My wealth is common; I possess
No petty province, but the whole;
What's mine alone is mine far less
Than treasure shared by every soul.
Talk not of store,
Millions or more, —
Of values which the purse may hold, —
But this divine!
I own the mine
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;
The fields, the skies,
And sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold dust, —
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears :
His life's a hymn
The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
And to his soul
The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith :
"The wealth I am, must thou become :
Richer and richer, breath by breath, —
Immortal gain, immortal room!"
And since all his
Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream
In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning star.

D. A. Waffon.



T R U S T .



A T S E A .

THE night was made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep ;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep.
Childlike, as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels,
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels ;
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies :

And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
 With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
 O promise of my soul!
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease
Amid the roar of smiting seas —
 The ship's convulsive roll —
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms —
 My soul is filled with light;
The ocean sings his solemn psalms;
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms;
 Happy, as if to-night,
Under the cottage roof again,
I heard the soothing summer rain.

J. T. Trowbridge.



THE PEACE OF GOD.

WE ask for Peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm Life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day,—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

We ask for Peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron Pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings,
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joys
Or others' woe;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long struggling life:

While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve, what the world calls,
 Our wasted might:
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord!
 Who toil while others sleep,
 Who sow with loving care
 What other hands shall reap:
 They lean on Thee, entranced
 In calm and perfect rest:
 Give us that Peace, O Lord!
 Divine and blest,
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.
A. A. Proctor.

CHILDLIKE SUBMISSION.

WHAT pleases God, O pious soul,
 Accept with joy; though thunders roll
 And tempests lower on every side,
 Thou knowest nought can thee betide
 But pleases God.

The best will is our Father's will,
 And we may rest there calm and still.

Oh make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for nought but that alone,
Which pleases God.

His thought is aye the wisest thought ;
How oft man's wisdom comes to nought ;
Mistake or weakness in it lurks,
It brings forth ill, and seldom works
What pleases God.

His mind is aye the gentlest mind,
His will and deeds are ever kind,
He blesses when against us speaks
The evil world, that rarely seeks
What pleases God.

His heart is aye the truest heart,
He bids all woe and harm depart,
Descending, shielding day and night
The man who knows and loves aright
What pleases God.

He governs all things here below,
In him lie all our weal and woe,
He bears the world within His hand,
And so to us bear sea and land
What pleases God.

And o'er His little flock He yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,

The Father's rod oft smiteth sore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleases God.

What most would profit us He knows,
And ne'er denies aught good to those
Who with their utmost strength pursue
The right, and only care to do
What pleases God.

If this be so, then, World, from me
Keep, if thou wilt, what pleases thee ;
But thou, my soul, be well content
With God and all things He hath sent ;
As pleases God.

And must thou suffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to His care,
For all things are beneath His sway,
And must in very truth obey
What pleases God.

True faith will grasp His mercy fast,
And hope bring patience at the last,
Then both within thy heart enshrine,
So shall the heritage be thine
That pleases God.

To thee for ever shall be given
A kingdom and a crown in heaven,

And there shall be fulfill'd in thee
And thou shalt taste and hear and see
What pleases God.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.



ISAIAH, 3: 10.

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell!
In time and to eternal days,
“'T is with the righteous well.”

In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'T is well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

'T is well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."



EXODUS, 14: 15.

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust, and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied;
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light;
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'T is not meet that we should fear.

Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear !
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.



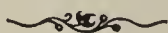
MATTHEW 14: 28, 29.

HE bids us come ; His voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go,
To Him our Christ and Lord ;
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For He who died to set us free,
Hath called us by His word.

Secure from troubled waves we tread,
Nor all the storms around us heed,
While to our Lord we look ;
O'er every fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

But if from Him we turn our eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel our fears within ;
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink us into sin.

Lord, we our belief confess,
Our little spark of faith increase,
That we may doubt no more ;
But fix on Thee our steady eye,
And on Thine outstretched arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.



THE QUIET, HOPING HEART.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just ;
Howe'er He order now my cause
I will be still and trust.
He is my God,
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive ;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent ;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He taketh thought for me,
The cup that my physician gives
No poison'd draught can be.
But medicine due ;
For God is true,
And on that changeless truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is filled.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink ;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here will I take my stand ;
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land,
My Father's care
Is around me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

S. Rodigast, 1675.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of Love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

*That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are sorrows vain;
That death itself shall not remain:*

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

*And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.*

And ere thou leave them, say thou this,
Yet one word more:— They only miss
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, and with curses rife—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

Trench.



MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

'T WAS when the sea's tremendous roar
A little bark assailed;
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed:

Save one, the captain's darling son,
Who fearless viewed the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

“Why sporting thus,” a seaman cried,
“Whilst sorrows overwhelm?”
“Why yield to grief!” the boy replied,
“*My Father’s at the helm.*”

Despairing soul! from thence be taught,
How groundless is thy fear;
Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,
And He is always near.

Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,
When swelling billows rise;
Who turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies:

Though thy corruptions rise abhorred,
And outward foes increase;
'Tis but for Him to speak the word,
And all is hushed to peace.

Then upward look, howe'er distressed,
Jesus will guide thee home,
To that blest port of endless rest,
Where storms shall never come.

GRACE OF GOD.

GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,
That it should know no ill :
We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
And feel its sharpness still.

But, ever as the wound is given,
There is a hand unseen,
Hasting to wipe away the scar,
And hide where it hath been.

The Christian would not have his lot
Be other than it is ;
For, while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is his.

He knows that He who gave the best,
Will give him all beside ;
Assured that every good he asks
Is evil, if denied.

When clouds of sorrow gather round,
His bosom owns no fear :
He knows, whate'er his portion be,
His God will still be there.

And when the threatened storm has burst,
Whate'er the trial be,
Something yet whispers him within,
"Be still, for it is He!"

Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink
From the afflictive stroke,
But faith disclaims the hasty plaint
Impatient nature spoke.

He knows it is a Father's will,
And therefore it is good:
Nor would he venture, by a wish,
To change it if he could.

His grateful bosom quickly learns
Its sorrows to disown;
Yields to His pleasure, and forgets
The choice was not his own.

Caroline Fry.



RESIGNATION.

1 Peter 5 : 7.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live :
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by his door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

R. Baxter.

PEACE has unveiled her smiling face,
And woos thy soul to her embrace :
Enjoyed with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love ; else sought in vain.
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
Renounce all strength, but strength divine,
And peace shall be forever thine ;
Behold the paths the saints have trod,
The paths which led them home to God.

Madame Guyon, 1648-1717.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God!
Where broods on earth this gentle dove?
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy which cannot fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

O peace of God! earth hath no power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here,—
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith, thy presence dwells,—
In patient suffering and toil
Where Mercy's gentle tear-drop swells.

Sweet peace, I see thy heavenly ray,
And long to light my taper there ;
Then should I meet the cares of life,
Like angels, answering to prayer.

Monthly Religious Magazine.



AFFLICTION.



WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil —
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's wild curfew shall from work affoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy heart, and thy hand, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

LORD, shall we grumble when thy flames do
scourge us?

Our sins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill
Transmutes to perfect good from perfect ill!

Francis Quarles.



DISCIPLINE.

TREMBLE not, though darkly gather
Clouds, and tempests o'er thy sky,
Still believe thy Heavenly Father
Loves thee best when storms are nigh.

When the sun of fortune shineth
Long and brightly on the heart,
Soon its fruitfulness declineth,
Parched and dry in every part.

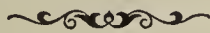
Then the plants of grace have faded
In the dry and burning soil;
Thorns and briers their growth have shaded —
Earthly cares and earthly toil.

But the clouds are seen ascending ;
Soon the heavens are overcast ;
And the weary heart is bending
'Neath affliction's stormy blast.

Yet the Lord, on high presiding,
Rules the storm with powerful hand ;
He the shower of grace is guiding,
To the dry and barren land.

See, at length the clouds are breaking —
Tempests have not pass'd in vain ;
For the soul, revived, awaking,
Bears its fruit and flowers again.

Love divine has seen and counted
Every tear it caus'd to fall,
And the storm which love appointed,
Was its choicest gift of all.



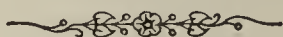
RESIGNATION.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.



THY WILL BE DONE.

“It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good.” 1 *Sam.* 3: 18.

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh! may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail—
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But Thou on earth, along
The thorny path hast gone,
Then lead me after Thee;
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If loved ones must depart,

Suffer not sorrow's flood
To overwhelm my heart ;
For they are blest with Thee,
Their race and conflict won :
Let me but follow them ;
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone ;
The rest as Thou shalt please.
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done !

B. Schmolk.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of Thine,
Without reserve or fear ;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform the falling tear !

My sole possession is Thy love :
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store :
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My hours with undiminished force
And speed pursue their destined course,
Obedient to Thy will :
Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By Thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never failing friend ;

And if my sufferings may augment
 Thy praise, behold me well content —
 Let sorrow still attend !

It costs me no regret, that she
 Who followed Christ should follow me ;
 And though, where'er she goes,
 Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
 I love her, and extract a sweet
 From all my bitter woes.

Mad. Guyon.



THE SAFE REFUGE.

COURAGE, my sorely-tempted heart !
 Break through thy woes, forget their smart ;
 Come forth and on thy Bridegroom gaze ;
 The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace :
 Here is thy place !

His arms are open, thither flee !
 There rest and peace are waiting thee,
 The deathless crown of righteousness,
 The entrance to eternal bliss :
 He gives thee this !

Then combat well, of nought afraid,
 For thus His follower thou art made,

On earth it is so dark and drear,
With Him so calm and bright ;
The stars, in solemn radiance clear,
Shine there through all our night.

'T is when the lights of earth are gone
The heavenly glories shine ;
When other comfort I have none,
Thy comfort, Lord, is mine.

Be still, my throbbing heart, be still ;
Cast off thy weary load,
And make His holy will thy will,
And rest upon thy God.

How many a time the night hath come,
Yet still return'd the day ;
How many a time thy crosses, thy gloom,
Ere now hath pass'd away.

And these dark hours of anxious pain
That now oppress me sore,
I know will vanish soon again,
Then I shall fear no more :

For when the night hath lasted long,
We know the morn is near ;
And when the trial 's sharp and strong,
Our Help shall soon appear.

Pastor Josephsen.

LIGHT ARISING OUT OF DARKNESS.

CHILDREN of God, who pacing flow,
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true —

Why move you thus, with lingering tread,
A doubtful, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

Oh, weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of Light, though, veiled awhile,
He hides his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,
To gild the closing day;

And, bursting through the dusky shroud,
That dared his power invest,
Rise throned in light o'er every cloud,
And guide you to his rest.

Bowdler.

AFFLICTION.

PEACE, peace: it is not so. Thou dost miscall
Thy physick; pills that change
Thy sick accessions into settled health;
This is the great elixir that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,
And brings man home when he doth range.
Did not He who ordain'd the day,
Ordain night too?
And in the greater world display
What in the lesser he would do?
All flesh is clay, thou know'st; and but that God
Doth use his rod,
And by a fruitfull change of frost and showres,
Cherish and bind thy pow'rs,
Thou would'st to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholesome, crosses are but curbs
To check the mule, unruly man;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant sunshine, wee
Should have no flowres;
All would be drought and leanness; not a tree
Would make us bowres.

Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best
Which is not fixt, but flies and flowes.
The settled red is dull, and whites that rest
Something of sickness would disclose.
Vicissitude plaies all the game ;
Nothing that stirrs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel ;
Kingdomes too have their physick, and for steel
Exchange their peace and furs.
Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can,
Tuning his brest to rise or fall ;
And by a sacred, needfull art
Like strings, stretch ev'ry part,
Making the whole most musicall.

Henry Vaughan. 1621-1695.



DIVERS PROVIDENCES.

WHEN all the year our fields are fresh and green,
And while sweet showers and sunshine, every day,
As oft as need requireth, come between
The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.
The fullness and continuance of a blessing
Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;

And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,
The sweetness of it is not understood ;
Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing ; and if tempests were not,
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;
For things, save by their opposites, appear not.
Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,
And so is ease and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grievéd, they become,
And then they relish these in ampler measure.
God, therefore, full of kind, as He is wise,
So tempereth all the favours He will do us,
That we his bounties may the better prize,
And make his chastisements less bitter to us.
One while a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away,
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth new-mown grafs to parchéd hay ;
Anon his fruitful showers and pleasing dews,
Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,
And then the barren earth her crops renews,
Which, with rich harvests, hills and valleys crown ;
For, as to relish joys, He sorrow sends ;
So comfort on temptation still attends.

George Wither.

INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness,
Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours:
But is hidden in her tender leaning
Towards the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because her mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper Life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Childhood's smiles unconscious grace borrow
From strife that in a far-off future lies;
And angel glances veiled now by life's sorrow,
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Learn the mystery of progression duly ;
Do not call each glorious change decay ;
But know we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness ;
In that want their beauty lies ; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

Miss A. A. Proctor.



LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SINGING IN A CONVENT-
CHURCH AT ROME.

SWEET voices ! seldom mortal ear
Strains of such potency might hear ;
My soul that listened, seemed quite gone,
Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
I was borne upward, till I trod
Among the hierarchy of God.
And when they ceased, as time must bring
An end to every sweetest thing,
With what reluctance came back
My spirits to their wonted track,
And how I loathed the common life —
The daily and recurring strife

With petty sins, the lowly road,
And being's ordinary load !
— Why, after such a solemn mood,
Should any meaner thought intrude ?
Why will not heaven hereafter give,
That we for evermore may live
Thus at our spirit's topmost bent ?
So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart ;
These seasons come, and they depart —
These seasons, and those higher still,
When we are given to have our fill
Of strength, and life, and joy with thee,
And brightness of thy face to see !
They come, or we could never guess
Of heaven's sublimer blessedness ;
They come, to be our strength and cheer
In other times, in doubt or fear,
Or should our solitary way
Lie through the desert many a day.
They go — they leave us blank and dead,
That we may learn, when they are fled,
We are but vapors which have won
A moment's brightness from the sun,
And which it may at pleasure fill
With splendor, or unclothe at will.
Well for us they do not abide,
Or we should lose ourselves in pride,
And be as angels — but as they

Who on the battlements of day
Walked, gazing on their power and might,
Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,
When out of reach of earth's dull chime
'Tis ours to drink with purgéd ears
The music of the solemn spheres,
Or in the desert to have sight
Of those enchanted cities bright,
Which sensual eye can never see :
Thrice welcome may such seasons be ;
But welcome too the common way,
The lowly duties of the day,
And all which makes and keeps us low,
Which teaches us ourselves to know,
That we who do our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side —
To earth and to its dust allied.

Trench.



ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power ;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege ; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

An earthly mind, a faithless heart,
He sees with pitying eye ;
He will not let his grace depart ;
But, kind severity !
He takes a hostage of our love
To draw the parent's heart above.

There stands our child before the Lord,
In royal vesture drest ;
A victor ere he drew the sword,
Ere he had toiled at rest.

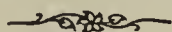
No doubts this blessed faith bedim :
We know that Jesus died for him.

Oh blessed be the hand that gave ;
Still blessed when it takes.
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks.
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom Heaven adores, and Death obeys.

Conder.



PATIENCE.



DEAR Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reach'd; because 't is sure
If I hold fast, and flight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And to my greatest haters kinde.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe.
That when my throne is set, and all
These conquerors before it fall,
I may be found preserv'd by thee
Amongst the chosen company,
Who by no blood here overcame
But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

Henry Vaughan.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,
The true, and merciful, and just,
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Wherein thou causest me to trust.

My weary eyes look out in vain,
And long thy saving health to see;
But known to thee is all my pain,
When wilt thou come and comfort me?

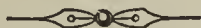
Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn;
Thee my strong hold, and only stay;
Harden'd in grief, I ever mourn:
Why do thy chariot-wheels delay?

But shall thy creature ask thee why?
No; I retract the eager prayer;
Lord, as thou wilt, and not as I;
I cannot choose: thou canst not err.

To thee, the only wise and true,
See then at last I all resign;
Make me in Christ a creature new,
The manner and the time be thine.

Only preserve my soul from sin,
Nor let me faint for want of thee;
I'll wait 'till thou appear *within*,
And plant thy heaven of love in me.

Wesley.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

“Ye have need of patience.” — Heb. 10: 36.

A GENTLE Angel walketh throughout a world of
woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below;
His peaceful smile invites them to love and to confide,
Oh! follow in His footsteps, keep closely by His side!

So gently will He lead thee through all the cloudy day,
And whisper of glad-tidings to cheer the pilgrim-way;
His courage never failing, when thine is almost gone,
He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and tearful sadness He changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief and
care;

Where midnight shades are brooding, He pours the
light of noon,
And every grievous wound He heals, most surely, if
not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while He brings the
healing balm ;

He does not chide thy longings, while He soothes them
into calm ;

And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly asking
why ?

He smiling beckons forward, points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear,
His watchword is, " Be patient, thy journey's end is
near ! "

And ever through the toilsome way, He tells of joys
to come,

And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his
home.

Spitta.



GOD'S ANVIL.

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper — as God will !
And in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so

Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow ;
And yet I whisper — as God will !
And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper — as God will !
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be ;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me ;
So I say, trusting — as God will !
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Afflictions glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand ;
So I say, praying — as God will !
And hope in him, and suffer still.

Julius Sturm.

HOPE.

ANGELS shall free the feet from stain, to their
own hue of snow,
If, undismayed, we reach the hills where the true
olives grow ;
The olive-groves which we must seek in cold and
damp,
Alone can yield us oil for a perpetual lamp ;
Then sound again the golden horn, with promise ever
new,
The princely doe will ne'er be caught by those that
flack pursue,
Yet the "White Doe" of *angel hopes* be always kept
in view.
Yes ! sound again the horn of Hope, the golden horn !
Answer it, flutes and pipes, from valleys still and lone ;
Warders from your high towers, with trumps of silver
scorn,
And harps in maiden's bowers, with strings from deep
hearts torn,
All answer to the horn of Hope, the golden horn !

WAIT.

WAIT! for the day is breaking,
Though the dull night be long :
Wait! God is not forsaking
Thy heart. Be strong — be strong!

Wait! and the clouds of sorrow
Shall melt in gentle showers,
And hues from heaven shall borrow,
As they fall amidst the flowers.

Wait! 't is the key to pleasure
And to the plan of God ;
O, tarry thou His leisure,
Thy soul shall bear no load.

Wait! for the time is hastening
When life shall be made clear,
And all who know heart-wasting
Shall feel that God is dear.

Chauncy Hare Townsend.

WAITING.

“JESUS’ hour is not yet come ;”
Let this word thine answer be,
Pilgrim asking for thy home,
Longing to be blest and free,
Yet a season tarry on —
Nobly borne is nobly done.

While oppressing cares and fears,
Night and day no respite leave,
Still prolonged through many years,
None to help thee or relieve,
Hold the word of promise fast,
Till deliverance comes at last.

Every creature-hope and trust,
Every earthly prop or stay,
May lie prostrate in the dust,
May have failed or passed away ;
Then when darkest falls the night,
Jesus comes, and all is light.

Yes, the Comforter draws nigh
To the breaking, bursting heart,
For, with tender sympathy,
He has seen and felt its smart :

Through its darkest hours of ill,
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, *When* comes His hour?

Then, when it shall aid thee best.

Trust His faithfulness and power,

Trust in Him and quietly rest.

Suffer on, and hope and wait —

Jesus never comes too late.

Blesséd day, which hastens fast,

End of conflict and of sin!

Death itself shall die at last,

Heaven's eternal joys begin.

Then eternity shall prove,

God is Light, and God is Love.

Spitta.



A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while, and every fear,
That o'er the perfect day
Flings shadows dark and drear,
Shall pass like mist away;
The secret tear, the anxious sigh,
Shall pass into a smile;
Time changes to eternity, —
We only wait a little while.

A little while, and every charm
 That steals away the heart,
 And earthly joys that warm,
 And lure us from our part,
 Shall cease our heavenly views to dim;
 The world shall not beguile
 Our ever faithful thoughts from Him,
 Who bade us wait a little while.

A little while, and all around, —
 The earth, and sea, and sky, —
 The sunny light and sound
 Of Nature's minstrelsy,
 Shall be as they had never been;
 And we, so weak and vile,
 Be creatures of a brighter scene, —
 We only wait a little while.

Greville.



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

HIGH hopes that burned like stars sublime,
 Go down the heavens of Freedom;
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need them!
 But never sit we down, and say
 There's nothing left but sorrow;
 We walk the wilderness to-day,
 The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming ;
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming !
And Freedom's tide comes up alway
Though we may stand in sorrow ;
And our good barque aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark nights of years,
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears ;
But our meek sufferance endeth !
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow ;
The powers of earth are strong to-day,
But heaven shall rule to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten !
For lo ! our day bursts up the skies :
Lean out your souls and listen !
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way
And ripens with her sorrow ;
Keep heart ! who bear the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O Youth ! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal ;
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opes a portal :

And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We 'll sow the golden grain to-day.
And harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor !
Triumph and toil are twins ; and aye,
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow ;
And 't is the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

Gerald Masséy.



MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, finging low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear ;

But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand,
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May,
Blow through the Autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook,
Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong ;

The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track —
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back —

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good —

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's fight —

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,

Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair —

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.



ENDURANCE.

A STRONG and mailed angel,
With eyes serene and deep
Unwearied and unwearying,
His patient watch doth keep.

A strong and mailed angel
In the midnight and the day ;
Walking with me at my labor,
Kneeling by me when I pray.

What he says no other heareth ;
None listen save the stars,

That move in armed battalions,
Clad with the strength of Mars.

Low are the words he speaketh —
“ Young dreamer, God is great !
'T is glorious to suffer !
'T is majesty to wait ! ”

O, Angel of Endurance !
O, saintly and sublime !
White are the armed legions
That tread the halls of Time !

Blesséd, and brave, and holy !
The olive on my heart,
Baptized with thy baptizing,
Shall never more depart.

O, strong and mailed angel !
Thy trailing robes I see !
Read other souls the lesson
So meekly read to me !

Still chant the same grand anthem —
The beautiful and great —
“ 'T is glorious to suffer,
'T is majesty to wait ! ”

L. H. F.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE loppéd tree in time may grow again ;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flowers ;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain ;
The driest soil suck in some moistening flowers ;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course
From foul to fair — from better hap to worse.

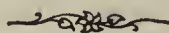
The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb,
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ;
No joy so great, but runneth to an end ;
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
No endless night, nor yet eternal day ;
The saddest bird a season finds to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay :
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;

In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

Robert Southwell. 1562-1594.



PRESUMPTION AND DESPAIR.

ONE time I was allowed to steer,
Through realms of azure light ;
Henceforth, I said, I need not fear
A lower, meaner flight ;
But here shall evermore abide,
In light and splendor glorified.

My heart one time the rivers fed,
Large dews upon it lay ;
A freshness it has won, I said,
Which shall not pass away ;
But what it is, it shall remain,
Its freshness to the end retain.

But when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor, wounded thing,
I deemed I should not evermore
Refit my shattered wing ;

Nailed to the ground, and fastened there,
This was the thought of my despair.

And when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide,
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

But if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to naught,
Two lessons we from this may gain,
If ought *can* teach us aught;—
One lesson rather, to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

Trench.



LET them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair,
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the sky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though flow.

Christopher Harvey.

P R A Y E R .



PRAYER.

P R A Y E R — the church's banquet ; angel's age ;
 God's breath in man returning to his birth ;
 The soul in paraphrase ; heart in pilgrimage ;
 The Christian plummet, sounding heaven and earth ;

Engine against th' Almighty ; finner's tower ;
 Reversed thunder ; Christ's-side-piercing spear ;
 The six-days world, transposing in an hour ;
 A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss ;
 Exalted manna ; gladness of the best ;
 Heaven in ordinary ; man well drest ;
 The milky-way ; the bird of paradise ;
 Church bells beyond the stars heard ; the soul's blood ;
 The land of spices ; something understood.

George Herbert.

O JOYES! infinite sweetnes! with what flowres
And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it blouds,
And spirits all my earth! heark! in what rings
And hymming circulations the quick world
Awakes and sings!
The rising winds
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore Him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred hymnes and order, the great chime
And symphony of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whose eccho is heaven's blisse.
O let me climbe
When I lye down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames, though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,

Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mistie shroud.
So in my bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

Henry Vaughan.



A GARDEN so well watered before morn
Is hotly up, that not the swart sun's blaze,
Down-beating with unmitigated rays,
Nor arid winds from scorching places borne,
Shall quite prevail to make it bare and thorn
Of its green beauty — shall not quite prevail
That all its morning freshness shall exhale,
Till evening and the evening dews return —
A blessing such as this our hearts might reap,
The freshness of the garden they might share,
Through the long day a heavenly freshness keep,
If, knowing how the day and the day's glare
Must beat upon them, we would largely sleep,
And water them betimes with dews of prayer.

Trench.

ENSAMPLES OF OUR SAVIOUR.

OUR Saviour, (pattern of true holiness,) Continual pray'd, us by ensample teaching,
When he was baptized in the wilderiness,
In working miracles and in his preaching,
Upon the mount, in garden groves of death,
At his last supper, at his parting breath.

Nothing more grateful in the highest eyes,
Nothing more firm in danger to protect us,
Nothing more forcible to pierce the skies,
And not depart till mercy do respect us:
And, as the soul life to the body gives,
So prayer revives the soul, by prayer it lives.
Robert Southwell.

CALL TO PRAYER,

COME to the morning prayer,
Come, let us kneel and pray; —
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

At evening, shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray ;
And, finding there the house of God,
At Heaven's gate close the day.

When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray !



THERE is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That ear is filled with angels' songs ;

That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain; —
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!



ALONE WITH GOD.

ALONE with God! day's craven cares
Have crowded onward unawares;
The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God! I bare my breast,
Come in, come in, O holy guest,
Give rest — thy rest, of rest the best.

Alone with God! how still a calm
Steals o'er me, sweet as music's balm,
When seraphs sing a seraph's psalm.

Alone with God! no human eye
Is here with eager look to pry
Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God ! no jealous glare
Now stings me with its torturing stare ;
No human malice says — beware !

Alone with God ! from earth's rude crowd,
With jostling steps and laughter loud,
My better soul I need not shroud.

Alone with God ! He only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God ! He mercy lends,
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,
Life's dwarfing pain he comprehends.

Alone with God ! He feeleth well
The soul's pent life that will o'erwell ;
The life-long want no words may tell !

Alone with God ! still nearer bend ;
O tender Father condescend
In this my need to be my friend.

Alone with God ! with suppliant mien
Upon thy pitying breast I lean,
Nor less because thou art unseen !

Alone with God ! safe in thine arms,
O shield me from life's wild alarms,
O save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God ! my Father, blefs,
With thy celestial promises,
The soul that needs thy tendernefs.

Alone with God ! O sweet to me
This covert to whose fhade I flee,
To breathe repose in thee—in thee !



PRAYER FOR A NEW HEART.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from guilt set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely fhed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My bleffed Saviour's throne, —
Where only Chrift is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

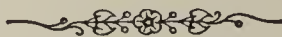
A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From HIM that dwells within :

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine :

Perfect and right, and pure and good ;—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love!

Wesley.



THE PRAYER OF THOMAS ELLWOOD.

OH! that mine eye might closéd be
To what concerns me not to see :
That deafness might possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear :
That Truth my tongue might ever tie
From speaking words of vanity :
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast ;
So that in deed and word and thought,
Glory may unto God be wrought.
But what are wishes? Lord mine eye
Is fixed on Thee, to Thee I cry!
Cleanse Lord, and purify my heart
And make it clean in every part ;
And when 't is pure, Lord keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

1639-1713.

SONG OF A FAMILY.

O MAKE our house Thy sanctuary !
Come in to us, a friendly guest,
And in our circle ever tarry ;
Then shall we be forever blest,
And Thou, a house-mate, shall these walls
Transfigure into royal halls.

Joy dwells, O Lord, where'er thou stayest ;
There blooms a heavenly blessedness ;
In silk thy poorest thou arrayest,
Though men see but a ragged dress.
The purest high delight is there,
And even in want is wealth, to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
And graciously to prayer dost call ;
The household cares Thou undertakest ;
Thou knowest what is best in all.
And care, though 't were a leaden load,
Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
A heavenly bond, Thy hand hath wove :
The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,

Illumined with God's peace and love.
Grace is the sunshine of our home,
And there God's angels go and come.

Translated from the German by Rev. C. T. Brooks.



ACTS 2 : 2.

SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power,
Oh ! come, Great Spirit, come !

Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew, and sweetly blest
This consecrated hour ;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.



ABIDE WITH ME.

“They constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening and the day is far spent.” *Luke 24: 29.*

ABIDE with me. Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens : Lord ! with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changeest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord —
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings ;

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of finners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour, —
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;

In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

Lyte.

GRACE.

MY stock lies dead ; and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve :
O let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove ;
Thy works, Night's captives. O let grace
Drop from above.

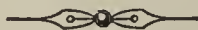
The dew doth every morning fall :
And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove ?
The dew for which grass cannot call
Drop from above !

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove.
Let grace work too and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love.
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come; for Thou dost know the way!
Or, if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say,
“Drop from above!”

George Herbert.



THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.

OUR Father —
By right of creation,
By bountiful provifion,
By gracious adoption;

Who art in Heaven —
The throne of thy glory,
The portion of thy children,
The temple of thy angels;

Hallowed be thy name —
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands;

Thy kingdom come —
Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven —

Toward us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension ;

Give us this day our daily bread —

Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls ;

And forgive us our trespasses —

Against the commands of thy law,
Against the grace of thy gospel ;

As we forgive them that trespass against us —

By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons ;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from
evil —

Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of errors' seductions,
Of sinful affections ;

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory
forever —

Thy kingdom governs all,

Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all.

Amen.

As it is in thy purposes,
So it is in thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to thy praise.

Pierre Bernard.



THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.

THIS is the Sabbath day!
In the wide field I am alone.
Hark! now one morning-bell's sweet tone:
Now it has died away.

Kneeling I worship Thee;
Sweet dread doth o'er my spirit steal
From whispering sounds of those who kneel
Unseen to pray with me.

Around and far away
So clear and solemn is the sky,
It seems all opening to my eye;
This is the Sabbath day!

From the German of Uhland, by Mrs. Follen.

“JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE.”

I.

NOW that the sun is gleaming bright
Implore we, bending low,
That Thou, the Uncreated Light
Wouldst guide us as we go.

II.

Nor sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue
And in our hearts be love.

III.

And as the hours in order flow —
O Christ! securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

IV.

And grant, that to thine honor, Lord!
Our daily toil may tend,
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

MORNING PRAYER.

O SILENCE deep and strange!
The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie,
No stir of life, save on yon woodland range,
The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create,
I have no memory of grief and care;
Of all the things which vexed my soul of late
I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

This world, with all its band
Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me
A bridge whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,
I cross the stream of Time, O Lord, to thee.

From the German of J. F. Eichendorf.



HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

Dr. O. W. Holmes.

MORNING HYMN.

A WAKE, my soul! awake, mine eyes!
Awake, my drowsy faculties!
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night!
Look up and see the unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun,
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise, my soul! and thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice!
O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing!
Thy power has made, thy goodness kept,
This fenceless body while I slept;
Yet one day more has given me
From all the powers of darkness free.
Oh! keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That when the last of all my days is come,
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

Thomas Flatman. 1633-1688.

EVENING HYMN.

SLEEP! drowsy Sleep! come close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities :
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day.
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed ;
Let not the spirits of the air
While I slumber me ensnare ;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.
Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion ;
Oh! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!
Thus when the morn in crimson dressed,
Breaks through the windows of the East,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like incense at the morning sacrifice!

Thomas Flatman.

EVENING HYMN.

QUIETLY rest the woods and dales,
Silence round the hearth prevails,
The world is all asleep :
Thou, my soul, in thought arise,
Seek thy Father in the skies,
And holy vigils with Him keep.

Sun, where hidest thou thy light ?
Art thou driven hence by Night,
Thy dark and ancient foe ?
Go ! another Sun is mine —
Jesus comes with light divine,
To cheer my pilgrimage below.

Now that day has passed away,
Golden stars in bright array
Bespangle the blue sky :
Bright and clear, so would I stand,
When I hear my Lord's command
To leave this earth, and upward fly.

Now this body seeks for rest,
From its vestments all undrest,
Types of mortality :
Christ shall give me soon to wear,

Garments beautiful and fair —
White robes of glorious majesty.

Head, and feet, and hands, once more
Joy to think of labor o'er,
And night with gladness see.
O my heart! thou too shalt know
Rest from all thy toil below,
And from earth's turmoil soon be free.

Weary limbs, now rest ye here;
Safe from danger and from fear,
Seek slumber on this bed:
Deeper rest ere long to share,
Other hands shall soon prepare
My narrow couch among the dead.

While my eyes I gently close,
Stealing o'er me soft repose,
Who shall my guardian be?
Soul and body now I leave,
(And Thou wilt the trust receive,)
O Israel's Watchman! unto Thee.

O my friends! from you this day
May all ill have fled away,
No danger near have come.
Now, O my God, these dear ones keep;
Give to my beloved sleep,
And angels send to guard their home!

Paul Gerhardt.

EVENING.

ANOTHER day is numbered with the past,
Another night is given us for rest,
Father, my spirit at thy feet I cast,
O! gather it unto thy loving breast.

Look on its failures, efforts, and mistakes,
Look on its inward stubborn roots of sin,
See how the law that it accepts, it breaks,
Lord! to thy secret presence take it in!

Nightly, Thou sendest rest to all the earth,
Sendest a time for silence and returning,
O, Father! teach me all the holy worth
Of the still hours when thy clear stars are burning.

Thou givest me rest that with the day's beginning
I may rise strong and fresh for the new day,
So, purged and rested from its frequent sinning,
May my soul rise prepared for its strait way.

Bless those that love me, those that love me not,
Strengthen the feeble and uplift the grieving,
Send to thy children, in whatever lot,
Riches, and peace, and strength in true believing.

So to thy arms my body I commit,
 My weary body to thine arms outspread :
 Prepare me to accomplish what is fit,
 And peace and pureness watch beside my bed.



UNTO the glory of thy Holy Name,
 Eternal God! whom I both love and fear,
 Here bear I witness that I never came
 Before thy throne and found thee loth to hear,
 But, ever ready with an open ear.
 And though sometimes thou seems't thy face to hide
 As one that hath his love withdrawn from me,
 'Tis that my faith may to the full be tried,
 And I thereby may only better see
 How weak I am when not upheld by Thee.

Thomas Ellwood. 1669.



IMMANUEL.

HOW good a God have we! who for our sake,
 To save us from the burning lake,
 Did change the order of creation :
 At first He made

Man like Himself in his own image ; now
In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span ;
And said,
“ Let us make ourselves like man ;
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman, man.”
Hallelujah, we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.

Jeremy Taylor. 1667.



CHRIST.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

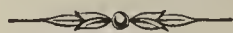
The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

On the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

“Glory to God !” the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ; —
Peace to the earth, — good-will to men,
From heaven’s Eternal King !

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem’s joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Rev. E. H. Sears.



A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY, SUNG BY THE
SHEPHERDS.

GLOOMY night embraced the place
Where the noble infant lay :
The babe look’d up, and show’d His face ;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from thy eyes.

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day ;
We saw thine eyes break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away :
We saw thee, and we blest the night,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow —
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your control,
And let the mighty babe alone,
The phoenix builds the phoenix's nest,
Love's architecture is his own.
The babe, whose birth embraces this morn,
Made his own bed ere he was born.

Welcome all wonders in one fight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter, day in night!
Heaven in earth, and God in man!
Great little one, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth!

Welcome — tho' not to those gay flies,
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes —
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King,
Of simple graces and sweet loves!

Each of us his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of silver doves!
 At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
 Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

Crafshaw. 1637-1650.



THE ASCENSION DAY.

OUR Lord and brother who put on
 Such flesh as this we wear,
 Before us up to heaven is gone,
 Our places to prepare :
 Captivity was captive then,
 And He doth from above
 Send ghostly presents down to men,
 For tokens of His love.

Each door and everlasting gate
 To Him hath lifted been,
 And in a glorious wise thereat
 Our King is enter'd in :
 Whom if to follow we regard,
 With love and leave we may,
 For He hath all the means prepared,
 And made an open way.

Then follow ; follow on apace
 Our Captain to attend,

In that supreme and blessed place
Where to He did ascend ;
And for His honor let our voice
A shout so hearty make,
That heaven may at our joy rejoice,
And hell's foundation shake.

George Wither.



WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN ?

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train !

That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could look beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save ;

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,

He prayed for those that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant souls, their hope they knew,
And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel,
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascents of heaven,
Thro' peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

Heber.



FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

WHILST Andrew, as a fisher, sought
From pinching want his life to free,
Christ call'd him, that he might be taught
A fisherman of men to be.

And no delay therein he made,
Nor question'd his Lord's intent ;
But quite forsaking all he had,
With Him that call'd gladly went.

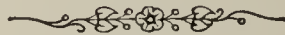
Would God we were prepar'd so
To follow Christ when He doth call,
And could as readily forego
Those nets which we are snared withal !

Yea, would this fisherman of men,
Might us by his example move
To leave the world, as he did then,
And by our works our faith approve.

But precepts and examples fail,
Till thou, O Lord, thy grace inspirest ;
Vouchsafe it, and we shall prevail
In whatsoever thou requirest :

Yea, we shall then that good perceive
Which in thy service we may find,
And for thy sake be glad to leave
Our nets, and all our trash behind.

George Wither.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

YES! our Shepherd leads with gentle hand,
Through the dark pilgrim-land,
His flock, so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.

Hallelujah!

When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding star.

Hallelujah!

Tenderly He watches from on high
With an unwearied eye;
He comforts and sustains,
In all their fears and pains.

Hallelujah!

Through the parch'd, dreary desert He will guide
To the green fountain-side:

Through the dark, stormy night,
To a calm land of light.

Hallelujah !

Yes ! His "little flock" are ne'er forgot ;
His mercy changes not :
Our home is safe above,
Within His arms of love.

Hallelujah !

Krummacher.



THE HEART'S SONG.

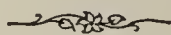
IN the silent midnight watches,
Lift — thy bosom-door !
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 't is thy pulse's beating ;
'T is thy heart of sin :
'T is thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise, and let me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth ;
But thy door is fast !

Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth :
Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand — entreating
Christ to let thee in :
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not !

A. C. Cox.



TO WHOM SHALL WE GO ?

“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”
John 6 : 68.

WHEN our purest delights are nipt in the blossom,

When those we love best are laid low ;
When grief plants in secret her thorn in the bosom,
Deserted, — “ to whom shall we go ? ”

When, with error bewildered, our path becomes dreary,
And tears of despondency flow ;
When the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is
weary,
Despairing, — “ to whom shall we go ? ”

When the sad thirsty soul turns away from the springs
Of pleasure this world can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient, — “to whom shall we go?”

O blest be that light which has parted the clouds,
And a path to the pilgrim can show,
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,
And tells us to whom we shall go!



THE REFUGE.

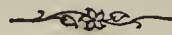
WHITHER, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever unto ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart

Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
Enter, and in me ever stay :
The crooked then shall straight become ;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

Wesley.



THE VINE.

John 15 : 1-5.

JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

Quickened by thee and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

Grafted in thee by grace alone,
In growth I daily rise ;
And springing up from thee, the vine,
My top shall reach the skies.

I can do nothing without thee ;
My strength is wholly thine ;

Wither'd and barren should I be
If sever'd from the vine.

Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop ;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

Toplady. 1740-1778.



HYMN.

JESUS! the ladder of my faith
Refts on the jasper walls of heaven ;
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Faint visions of the mystic Seven!

The glory of the rainbowed throne
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame ;
As once, on earth, thy love divine
Burned thro' the robes of human flame.

Thou art the same, O gracious Lord !
The same dear Christ that thou wert then ;

And all the praises angels sing
Delight thee less than prayers of men !

We have no tears thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds thou wilt not heal ;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That thou, dear Saviour ! dost not feel.

Thy pity, like the dew, distils ;
And thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmed music of thy voice,
That calls all weary ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice !

H. M. Kimball.



IN SORROW.

MY soul, why dost thou in my breast
With griefs afflicted grow ;
Why are my thoughts to my unrest,
In me increased so ?
And in thyself by musings vain,
Why dost thou seek for ease,

Since thou still more augment'st thy pain,
By such like means as these?

When passion hath enslaved thy heart,
Why seeks't thou comfort there;
When thou deprived of reason art,
What reas'ning cureth care?
The more thy mind by musing thinks
From sorrow's depths to rise;
The further downward still it sinks,
The nearer hell it lies.

Let, therefore, hence with speed be thrown
Those thoughts which thee attend,
Before they thither press thee down
Whence no man may ascend:
And let on Him thy musings dwell
Who, in mere love to thee,
Hath dived the depths of death and hell,
That thou might'st easéd be.

Sweet Jesu! for thy passion sake,
This favour shew to me;
Out of my heart the sorrows take
Which therein raging be:
My passion calm, my soul direct,
Her thoughts on Thee to place;
On my much troubled mind reflect
The brightness of thy face.

Yea, let contrition for my sin
So purge out carnal grief,
That joy celestial may bring in
The fullness of relief:
So this my sorrow shall but add
A relish to my joy,
And cause contentments to be had,
Which nothing can destroy.

George Wither.



CHRIST THE PURIFIER.

HE that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face, as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure!
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eye of flame looks through the whole,
May see His image perfect in his soul?

Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,

But stamp't with Heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace,
And round that seal of love this motto be,

"Not for a moment, but — Eternity."

Montgomery.



THAT ROCK IS CHRIST.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him,
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rees.



JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

WATCHER, who wakest by the bed of pain,
While stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstones are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee,
There is one can tell of a home on high,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy heart, that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
The seal of pardon for days of sin,

Prefs on, prefs on, with thy prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth paffeth by."

Mourner, who fitteth in church-yard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble ftone,
Plucking the weeds from thy childrens' bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose inftead,
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
"Jesus of Nazareth paffeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic ftreak,
In thy vein of fire and thy wafte'd cheek,
Fear'st thou the fhade of the darkened vale,
Look to the guide who can *never* fail,
He hath trod it Himfelf, He will hear thy cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth paffeth by."



CHRIST.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest,
I come to caft my soul on thee,
Thou art my *ref*t.

Look down on me, for I am weak ;
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;

Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my *strength*.

I am bewilder'd on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
O shed thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my *light*.

Why feel I desolate and lone ?
Thy praises should my thoughts employ ;
Thy presence can pour gladness down ;
Thou art my *joy*.

Thou hast on me so much bestow'd,
Surely I may relinquish health ;
Thou 'st made me rich, yea, rich towards God ;
Thou art my *wealth*.

I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies ;
Thou art my *rock*.

When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to thee — my terrors cease ;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my *peace*.

Vain is all human help for me,
I dare not trust an earthly prop ;

My sole reliance is on thee;
 Thou art my *hope*.

Full many a conflict must be fought!
 But shall I perish? shall I yield?
 Is that bright motto given for nought,
 Thou art my *shield*?

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous, latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
 Thou art my *life*.

Thou wilt my every want supply
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art MY ALL.

Macduff.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper — "Come to me."

It tells me of a place of rest;
 It tells me where my soul may flee;

Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding — "Come to me!"

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, — "Come to me."

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me — "Come to me."

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters — "Come to me."

"Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee:
Heavenward direct the weeping eye;
I am thy portion — "Come to me."

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In death's last fearful agony;
Support me — cheer me — from above,
And gently whisper — "Come to me."

“MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.”

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and knew no certain home ;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come.
With him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am His, and he is mine.

Yes, He is mine ! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine !
Go ! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what he deems the best.
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;
And poor without him, though of ail possess'd.
Changes may come — I take, or I resign —
Content while I am His, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun, that wanes not, nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines,

All may depart — I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling; lifts me up when down;
Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown;
Which, in return, before his feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine
Who deigns to own me His, as he is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and he is mine!

Lyte.



I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

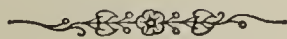
Thoughts of His love — the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears —
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,
I love again, and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory — on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays ;
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heav'nly light the tear-dimm'd eye.

Thoughts of His coming — for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh what a sunrise will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.



COURAGE.

STAND but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly —
Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye ;
Choose rather to defend than to assail —
Self-confidence will in the conflict fail :

When you are challenged, you may dangers meet —
 True courage is a fixed, not sudden heat;
 Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
 And will itself into no danger thrust.
 Devote yourself to God, and you will find
 God fights the battles of a will resigned.
 Love Jesus! Love will no base fear endure —
 Love Jesus! and of conquest rest secure.

Bishop Ken.



MORNING HYMN.

“**S**EE the Day-Spring from afar,
 Usher'd by the morning star!”
 Haste; to Him who sends the light,
 Hallow the remains of night.

Souls, put on your glorious dress,
 Waking into righteousness;
 Clothed with Christ aspire to shine,
 Radiance he of light divine;

Beam of the eternal beam,
 He in God, and God in him!
 Strive we him in us to see,
 Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
Rais'd by his all-quick'ning breath;
Long we to be loos'd from earth,
Struggle into second birth.

Spent at length in nature's night;
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.

Tho' the outward man decay,
Form'd within us day by day,
Still the inner man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Suffer us no more to stray:
Give us Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in thee to live.

Wesley.



A SUPPLICATION.

O WAY for all that live! heal us by pain and loss;
Fill all our years with toil, and bless us with thy
rod.

Thy bonds bring wider freedom; climbing, by the cross,
Wins that brave height where looms the city of our
God!

Hallow our wit with prayer: our mastery steep in meek-
ness;

Pour on our study inspiration's holy light;
Hew out, for Christ's dear Church, a Future without
weakness,

Quarried from thine Eternal Beauty, Order, Might!

Met, there, mankind's great Brotherhood of Souls and
Powers,

Raise thou full praises from its farthest corners dim;
Pour down, O steadfast Sun, thy beams on all its tow-
ers;

Roll through its world-wide spaces Faith's majestic
hymn.

Come, age of God's own Truth, after man's age of
fables!

Seed sown in Eden, yield the nations' healing tree!

Ebal and Sinai, Mamre's tents, the Hebrew tables,
All look towards Olivet, and bend to Calvary.

Fold of the tender Shepherd! rise, and spread!
Arch o'er our frailty roofs of everlasting strength!
Be all the Body gathered to its living Head!
Wanderers we faint: O, let us find our Lord at length!

Rev. F. D. Huntington.



LIFE'S mystery — deep, restless as the Ocean —
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain: —
Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding — not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent — yet we gaze,

And our charmed hearts forget their drear complain-
ing!
No crushing fate — no stony destiny?
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands, —
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O, risen Lord, in thee!

Thy piercéd hand guides the mysterious wheels;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of
power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with me one
hour!"
As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace — so sinks my soul in Thee!

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



G O D .



“Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that
I desire beside thee.” *Psalm 73: 25.*

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh;
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:

But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me ?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :

But what is Heav'n, great God, compar'd to thee ?
Without thy presence, Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
Without thy presence, Heav'n itself's no pleasure ;
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven, to me ?

Francis Quarles.



IN all extremes, Lord, thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee ;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by thee :
Lord, let thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of thine ;

And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone — this heart of mine?
No, Lord, till thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord, God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises, and a wounded heart.

O Thou who fittest in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest, —
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would or what I have
Be not possessed and blessed in Thee:

What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me — that have it — Thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer-friends, — when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows, —
When earth and all things in it change, —
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never, —
When once Thou lovest, Thou lovest forever.

John Quarles, son of Francis, died in 1665.



PSALM CXXI.

UP to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flowes my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.

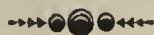
The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade:

The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes :
Doth all their plots controul ;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and forevermore.

Henry Vaughan.



PSALM CXLVIII.

COME, oh ! come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound the Almighty's praise ;
Hither bring in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet,
With the harp and viol meet :
To your voices tune the lute :
Let not tongue nor string be mute :
Not a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give ;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep ;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main ;
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;
Sun and moon exalted higher,
And you stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours ;
Let in praise of God the sound,
Run a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest bass shall come.
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar.
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring :
Which may bear the sound above
Where the orb of fire doth move,

And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song the Almighty hear.

So shall He from heaven's high tower
On the earth his blessing shower ;
All this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be ;
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere :
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, oh ! come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

George Wither. 1588-1677.



PSALM XXIII.

HAPPY me ! O happy sheep
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep ;
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss ;
On whose pastures cheerful Spring
All the year doth fit and sing,
And, rejoicing, smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery.
When my wayward breath is flying
He calls home my soul from dying,

Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life :
When my simple weakness strays,
Tangled in forbidden ways,
He, my Shepherd, is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me, He beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles :
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path clear as the day,
Where no churlish rub says nay,
To my joy-conducted feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new lays
Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.
Come now all ye terrors, sally,
Must'ring forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing, that covers
Brooding horror. Come then, Death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make Darkness' self afraid ;
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still my Shepherd, still my God,
Thou art with me ; still thy rod,
And thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.

At the whisper of thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board :
How my head in ointment swims !
How my cup o'erlooks her brims !
So, even so still may I move
By the line of thy dear love ;
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths ; so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind,
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye,
Lighting to Eternity.
There I'll dwell forever, there
Will I find a purer air
To feed my life with, there I'll sup,
Balm and nectar in my cup,
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm *into the arms* of Death.

Richard Crashaw.



THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

ALL praise and thanks to God most High,
The Father of all Love !
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The God who every sorrow fills ;
Give to our God the glory !

The host of heaven thy praises tell,
All thrones bow down to thee,
And all who in thy shadow dwell,
In earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right ;
Give to our God the glory !

And for the creatures he hath made,
Our God shall well provide ;
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guard on every side ;
His kingdom ye may surely trust,
There all is equal, all is just ;
Give to our God the glory !

I sought him in my hour of need ;
Lord God, now hear my prayer !
For death he gave me life indeed,
And comfort for despair ;
For this my thanks shall endless be,
Oh thank him, thank him too with me ;
Give to our God the glory !

The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from his flock ;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove.
Give to our God the glory !

And when earth cannot comfort more,
Nor earthly help avail,
The Maker comes himself, whose store
Of blessing cannot fail,
And bends on them a Father's eyes
Whom earth all rest and hope denies :
Give to our God the glory !

Ah then till life hath reached its bound,
My God, I'll worship thee,
The chorus of thy praise shall sound
Far over land and sea ;
Oh soul and body now rejoice,
My heart send forth a gladsome voice :
Give to our God the glory !

All ye who name Christ's holy name,
 Give to our God the glory!
 Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
 Give to our God the glory!
 All idols under foot be trod,
 The Lord is God! The Lord is God!
 Give to our God the glory!

J. J. Schutz. 1673.



“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?”

THOU art my all — to Thee I flee;
 Take me, oh, take me to thy keeping!
 Make me thy vine, thy husbandry;
 Be thine the seed-time, thine the reaping.

For what on earth but tells thy power?
 And what but makes thy love its theme?
 I read it in the vernal flower,
 It cheers me in the summer beam:

It glows while memory lingers yet
 O'er hours a mother's love beguiled;
 For, ah! a mother may forget,
 But Thou wilt not forget thy child.

I had a friend — nor false his love;
 But him on earth no more I see;

O thou unchanging friend above,
What is an earthly friend to Thee?

Give me no bright behest of care,
No grovelling boon of envied sod,
No hopes that lead but to despair;
Ease, honors, wealth, are not my God.

Nor aught in heaven; for, angels, say,
And saints escaped earth's guilt and sadness,
What makes your everlasting day?
What tunes your harps to joy and gladness?

O! there is nought in yon bright sky
Worthy this worthless heart to own;
On earth there's nought; friends, creatures, fly;
I pant, my God, for thee alone.



IN A DARK NIGHT.

WHAT though the comforts of the light
This gloomy night denies ;
Though me to trouble and affright,
Unwelcome darkness tries.
What should I doubt ? whom should I fear ?
Or why dishearten'd be ;
Since thou, O God ! art ev'rywhere,
And present still with me.

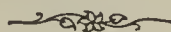
What mischiefs hath a midnight hour
My terror to procure ?
What warrant hath a noontide power
My safety to assure ?
I find no comforts in the day,
If thou thy presence hid'st ;
Nor can the darkness me dismay,
If near me thou abid'st.

Indeed the fiend that hates the light,
Doth oft occasion take,
Amid the darkness of the night,
These bugbear shows to make :
Yet sure the darkness of our minds,
Is that whereby this foe

Most frequently occasion finds
The greatest harms to do.

Me from that darkness to defend,
Thy grace, O Lord! afford;
To me th' enlightening Spirit lend,
And lantern of thy word.
For then though Egypt's darkness had
Inclosed me round about;
Yea, though I sat in death's black shade,
That light should guide me out.

George Wither.



I COR. 3: 22.

IF God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and spirit too,
And glory all divine.

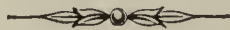
If He is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

If He is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble power,
Their utmost force repel.

If He is mine, let friends forsake,
 Let wealth and honor flee ;
 Sure he who giveth me himself
 Is more than these to me.

If He is mine, I'll boldly pass
 Through death's mysterious vale ;
 He is a solid comfort when
 All other comforts fail.

Oh ! tell me, Lord, that thou art mine ;
 What can I wish beside ?
 My soul shall at the fountain live,
 When all the streams are dried.



WHEN, before, my God commanded
 Anything he would have done,
 I was close and gripple-handed,
 Made an end ere I begun.
 If he thought it fit to lay
 Judgments on me, I could say,
 They are good ; but shrink away.

But the case is alter'd now :
 He no sooner turns his eye,
 But I quickly bend, and bow,
 Ready at his feet to lie :

Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to say,
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

What he wills, I say I must :
What I must, I say I will :
He commanding, it is just
What he would, I should fulfil.
Whilst he biddeth, I believe
What he calls for he will give :
To obey him, is to live.

His commandments grievous are not,
Longer than men think them so :
Though he send me forth, I care not,
Whilst he gives me strength to go ;
When or whither, all is one ;
On his bus'ness, not mine own,
I shall never go alone.

If I be complete in him,
And in him all fullness dwelleth,
I am sure aloft to swim,
Whilst that Ocean overswelleth.
Having Him that's all in all,
I am confident I shall
Nothing want, for which I call.

Francis Quarles.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

O THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee, —
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime :
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful thought :
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guyon.

GOD WITH ME.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” — *Isa.* 43: 2.

MY God with me in every place!
Firmly does the promise stand,
On land or sea, with present grace
Still to aid us near at hand.
If you ask, “Who is with thee?”
God is here — my God with me!

No depth, nor prison, nor the grave,
Can exclude him from his own;
His cheering presence still I have,
If in crowds or all alone.
In whatever state I be,
Everywhere is God with me!

My God for me! I dare to say —
God the portion of my soul!
Nor need I tremble in dismay
When around me troubles roll.
If you ask, “What comforts thee?”
It is this — God is for me!

In life, in death, with God so near,
Every battle I shall win,
Shall boldly press through dangers here,
Triumph over every sin!
“What!” you say, “a victor be?”
No, not I, but God in me!

C. F. Zeller.



SONNET.

WITHOUT the smile of God upon the soul,
We see not, and the world has lost its light;
For us there is no quiet in the night,
No beauty in the stars. The saffron stole
Of morning, or the pomp of evening's goal,
That celebrates Day's marriage with the Sea,—
Blue distance, silver lake, hill, glen, and tree,—
Are sealed unto the spirit like a scroll
Writ in a perished language. But a ray
Upon this darkness suddenly may dart,
And Christ's dear love be poured into the heart,
To clothe Creation in a robe of day.
Then doth the morning cheer, the night hath calm,
And skies a glory, and the dews a balm.

Townsend.

HYMN OF A HERMIT.

THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountains' height,
And mak'st the cliff with sunshine bright,
Oh grant that I may own thy hand,
No less in every grain of sand!

With forests huge of dateless time,
Thy will hath hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath a tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of 'Thee.

While clouds to clouds through ages call,
Thou pour'st the thundering waterfall;
But every silent drop of dew
Reflects thy ordered world to view.

In all the immense, the strange, the old,
Thy presence careless men behold;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By faith be thou as clearly seen.

Teach, Thou! that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being! save by thee.

Instruct my soul, by shows distraught,
Too vast and loud for peaceful thought,
That every quiet mote and gleam
With Thee, to musing spirits, beam.

Inspire me, Thou, in every glance
Of all our dreams confuse as chance,
In every change of mortal things,
To see a power from thee that springs.

In every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
To know a plan ordained above,
Begun and ending all in love.

So smallest bubbles here on earth
With me shall claim a heavenly birth,
And each faint atom passing by
Seem bright with thine eternal eye.

So best we learn what light sublime
Is hid within the clouds of time,
Whose darkness, dreadful though it be,
From those who seek conceals not Thee.

Sterling.

MY FATHER IS THE MIGHTY LORD.

MY Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm
Spans earth and sky, and shields his child from
harm,

Whose still, small voice of love is yet the same
As once from Horeb's fiery mount it came ;
Whose glorious works the angel-choirs declare ;
He hears their praise, and hearkens to my prayer.

My King is God's eternal, holy Son,
And he anoints me as a chosen one ;
He has redeemed me with his precious blood,
And for unnumber'd debts has surety stood ;
He fought the foe, and drew me by his hand,
Out from his camp, into his Father's land.

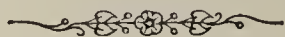
My brotherhood's a circle, stretching wide
Around one fount, although a sea divide ;
With fathers, who behold the Lord in light,
With saints unborn, who shall adore his might
With brothers, who the race of faith now run,
In union and communion, I am one !

My journey's end lies upward and afar ;
It glimmers bright, but vaguely as a star ;

And oft as faith has caught some glimpse serene,
 So often clouds and mists obscure the scene ;
 Yet, in this longing ends each vision dim —
 To see my Lord, and to be made like him !

My grave, so long a dark and drear abyss,
 Is now scarce noticed on the way to bliss ;
 Once at the gates of Hell it yawning lay,
 Now stands as portal to the land of day ;
 It takes me to the Father's home so blest ;
 It brings me to the feast, a welcome guest.

Lange.



THE FATHER, REDEEMER, GUIDE.

O FATHER-EYE, that hath so truly watch'd,
 O Father-hand, that hath so gently led,
 O Father-heart, that by my prayer is touch'd,
 That loved me first when I was cold and dead :
 Still do thou lead me on with faithful care
 The narrow path to heaven where I would go,
 And train me for the life that waits me there,
 Alike through love and loss, through weal and wo.

O my Redeemer, who for me wast slain,
 Who bringest me forgiveness and release,
 Whose death has ransom'd me to God again,
 That now my heart can rest in perfect peace ;

Still more and more do thou my soul redeem,
From every bondage set me wholly free,
Though Evil oft the mightiest power may seem,
Still make me more than conqueror, Lord, in thee.

O Holy Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost teach to pray, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with God in love ;
Still do thou shed thine influences abroad,
Let me the Father's image ever wear,
Make me a holy temple of my God,
Where dwells forever calm adoring prayer !

Spitta.



FOR THE SABBATH MORNING.

LIGHT of light enlighten me
Now anew the day is dawning ;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning,
With Thy joyous sunshine blest
Happy is my day of rest !

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me,
Thou from earth my soul release
And with grace and mercy feed me ;

Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying ;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away
All my soul to thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship thee in Heaven.

Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a Paradise within me ;
Oh reveal thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me ;
Fed from thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy ;
Come thou glorious majesty
Deign to fill this temple lowly ;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

B. Schmolck. 1731.

D E A T H .



A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Rev. Dr. Bonar.

A LITTLE LONGER.

A LITTLE longer yet, a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing,
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,
While tender grasses and awakening flowers,
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee,
And the cold moon shall look through the blue silence,
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear ;
And thy true heart that now beats quick to hear them
A little longer yet, shall hold them dear.

A little longer yet, joy while thou mayst ;
Love and rejoice, for time has nought in store ;
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid thee
Love and rejoice, and feel and know no more.

A little longer still—patience, beloved :
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine that waits thy soul.

A little longer ere life, true, immortal,
(Not this our shadowy life) will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,
And trembling bow before the Great White Throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight ;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love divine ;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows, and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee ;
Belovéd, can we bid thee linger here ?

Christian Register.

DEATH.

WHEN Thou shalt please this soul to enthrone
Above impure corruption,
What should I grieve or feare,
To think this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust,
And ne'er again appeare ?

For in the fire where ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified,
Doe we deplore the losse ?
And, when Thou shalt my soul refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the losse ?

Habington.

MORTALITY.

“ And we shall be changed.”

YE dainty mosses, lichens gray,
Press'd each to each in tender fold,
And peacefully thus, day by day,
Returning to their mould;

Brown leaves, that with aerial grace
Slip from your branch like birds a-wing,
Each leaving in the appointed place
Its bud of future Spring;

If we, God's conscious creatures, knew
But half your faith in our decay,
We should not tremble as we do
When summon'd clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet
We should put off this mortal gear,
In whatsoever new form is meet
Content to reappear.

Knowing each germ of life He gives
Must have in Him its source and rise,

Being that of His being lives
May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and flow,
Ye mosses green and lichens fair,
Go to your graves, as I will go,
For God is also there.

Miss Muloch.



DEATH.

THERE are who fear thy summons, Death!
And all thy pale and cold array;
The young, who with rejoicing breath,
Are opening on life's sunny day.

Yes! all to them seems fresh and sweet;
And as they gaze, with raptured eye,
On all the beautiful they meet,
They feel it would be pain to die.

There are to whom thy call would come,
As to the exile's weary heart
Would be the summons to his home;
That home from which he wept to part.

There are, who, worn with cares and tears,
Look on thee as the blest one,

Whose hand shall close their mortal years,
Before their faith and trust be gone.

And, Death ! there are who look to thee,
But as the minister of grace,
And who thy dark approach can see
With smiles, for they have won the race.

The good, the blest ! to thee they trust
To crown them with the immortal wreath ;
And fearless of the dreams of dust,
As conquerors welcome thee, O Death !



RISING TO GOD.

NOW let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time ;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ;

For strangers unto life we come,
And dying is but going home.

Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Gibbons.



MY GOD! I KNOW THAT I MUST DIE.

Job 14: 11, 12.

MY God! I know that I must die,
My mortal life is passing hence ;
On earth I neither hope nor try
To find a lasting residence ;
Then teach me by thy heavenly grace,
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God! I know not *when* I die,
What is the moment or the hour,—

How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower ;
Then may thy child preparéd be
Through time to meet Eternity.

My God! I know not *how* I die,
For death has many ways to come, —
In dark mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some.
Just as thou wilt! if but it be
Forever blesséd, Lord, with thee.

My God! I know not *where* I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand,
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is thine.

My gracious God! when I must die,
Oh! bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share thy glory and thy love!
Then comes it right and well to me,
When, where, and how my death shall be.

B. Schmolk.

TO DIE IS GAIN.

WHY longéd Paul to be dissolv'd,
And enter into rest?
The question here he hath resolv'd, —
To be with Christ is best.

And I, like Paul, desire to die,
I long for death's arrest;
If any ask the reason why, —
To be with Christ is best.

My unbelief, that bosom foe,
Which lurks within my breast,
So often seeks my overthrow, —
To be with Christ is best.

Should friends and kindred on me frown,
And leave my soul oppress'd;
Should evils crush my comforts down, —
To be with Christ is best.

Had I a voice so loud and strong,
To sound from east to west;
I'd tell the honor'd seeking throng,
To be with Christ is best.

O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
And cheer my fainting breast;
I long to reach my heavenly home,—
To be with Christ is best.

Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
And fly to thee, my rest:
There with the Church triumphant sing,
To be with Christ is best.

Dobell's Collection.



PARTING.

WHAT mean ye by this wailing,
To break my bleeding heart?
As if the love that binds us
Could alter or depart!
Our sweet and holy union
Knows neither time nor place;
The love that God has planted
Is lasting as His grace.

Ye clasp these hands at parting,
As if no hope could be;
While still we stand forever
In blessed unity!
Ye gaze, as on a vision,
Ye never could recall,

While still each thought is with you,
And Jesus with us all!

Ye say, "We here, thou yonder,
Thou goest, and we stay!"
And yet Christ's mystic body
Is one eternally.
Ye speak of different journeys,
A long and sad adieu!
While still one way I travel,
And have one end with you!

Why should ye now be weeping
These agonizing tears?
Behold our gracious Leader,
And cast away your fears.
We tread *one* path to glory,
Are guided by *one* hand,
And led in faith and patience
Unto *one* Fatherland!

Then let this hour of parting
No bitter grief record,
But be an hour of union
More blessed with our Lord!
With Him to guide and save us,
No changes that await,
No earthly separations
Can leave us desolate!

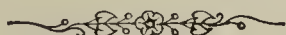
Spitta.

SOUL'S joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me,)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night
When others change to light :
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit bewEEP
Words, but sense deep ;
For when we miss
By distance, our hopes-joining bliss,
Ev'n then our souls shall kifs :
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet ;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way ?

O give no way to grief,
 But let belief
 Of mutual love,
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,
 Our bodies, not we, move.

Dr. Donne.



A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

AS virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends, do say,
 The breath goes now, and some say no ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
 'Twere profanation of our joys,
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
 Men reckon what it did and meant ;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary Lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
 Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assuréd of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to mis.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

Dr. Donne.

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

'TIS but one family, — the sound is balm,
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart,
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

'Tis but one family, — the accents come
Like light from heaven to break the night of woe,
The banner-cry, to call the spirit home,
The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate — is memory dead?
Has thought, too, vanished, and has love grown chill?
Has every relic and memento fled,
And are the living only with us still?

No! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain,
Objects of love and ever-fresh delight;
And fancy leads them in her fairy train,
In half-seen transports past the mourner's sight.

Yes! in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
The called by love, by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates ; the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love, we look upon no more.

No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,
But even memory's need ere long will cease,
For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless bands, and in eternal peace.

Edmeston.



A GERMAN FUNERAL HYMN.

“ Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”

Heb. 13 : 14.

Wohlauf! wohlan! zum letzten Sang,
Kurz ist der Weg, die Ruhe ist lang.

COME forth! come on, with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, he calls away!
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt;
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;

Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Good night! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear,
Good night! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ has for his people won!

Now open to us, gates of peace!
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease,
Ye quiet slumberers make room
In your still home,
For the new stranger who has come!

How many graves around us lie!
How many homes are in the sky!
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
A place with care:
Thy home is waiting, brother, there!

Jesus, thou reignest Lord alone;
Thou wilt return and claim thine own;

Come quickly, Lord ! return again !

Amen ! Amen !

Thine seal us ever, now and then !

F. Sachse.



THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 't is a Christian dieth, —
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth ;
High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing !

Pour not thou the bitter tear ;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth :
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But, as one who always hopeth,
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing, —
Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

They who die in Christ are blessed, —
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving !

Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving :
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial leaveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth !

G. W. Doane.



ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SWEET babe, she glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery,
Then turned away her languid eye
To drop a tear or two and die.
Sweet babe, she tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up !
But turned her little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.
Sweet babe, she listened for awhile to hear
Our mortal griefs, then turned her ear
To angels' harps and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial, sighed, and died.

Sweet babe, no more, but seraph now,
Before the throne behold her bow,
To heavenly joys her spirit flies,
Blest in the triumph of the skies,

Adores the grace that brought her there
 Without a wish, — without a care, —
 That washed her soul in Calvary's stream,
 That shortened life's distressing dream.
 Short pain, — short grief, — dear babe, was thine,
 Now joys eternal and divine.

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing,
 Thine infant spirit soars on angels' wing :
 Our dark affection should have hoped thy stay,
 The voice of God has called His child away.
 Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
 Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
 Oh! more than Samuel blest, to thee 't is given,
 The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven.

Cunningham.



DEATH.

O THINK that, while you're weeping here,
 His hand a golden harp is stringing;
 And with a voice serene and clear,
 His ransomed soul, without a tear,
 His Saviour's praise is singing!

And think that all his pains are fled,
 His toils and sorrows closed forever;
 While He, whose blood for man was shed,

Has placed upon his servant's head
A crown that fadeth never!

For thus, while round your lowly bier
Surviving friends are sadly bending,
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
Faith lightest pinions lending.

And thus, when to the silent tomb,
Your lifeless dust like his is given,
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
That yet again in faithful bloom,
That dust shall smile in heaven!

Dr. Huie.



WHEN A SOUL IS NEWLY DEPARTED.

IF joy be made when men are born
To live on earth below,
Why should we vainly weep and mourn,
When up to heav'n they go?
To pains and griefs they hither come
And when they hence are gone,
Those troubles they are easéd from
Which here they did bemoan.

Imprison'd in a living grave,
The soul departed lay ;
And ease or quiet could not have,
Till call'd it was away.
But we now hope it is at rest
In Him from whom it came,
And of eternal joys possess'd,
For which we praise His name.

We praise thee for that being, Lord !
And for that means of grace,
Which to that soul thou did'st afford
In this inferior place.
And we, moreover, praise thee now,
That thou hast set it free
From those afflictions which below
Avoided cannot be.

George Wither.



THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;

Go, his triumph to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high !
Fearless to his presence fly ;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God !
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Wait, to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

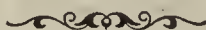
Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest ?
'T is not thou, but it, must die —
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away.
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him,
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its war :
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve,
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there !

See the haven full in view,
 Love divine shall bear thee through :
 Trust to that propitious gale,
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail !
 Saints in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade !
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve,
 Join the longing choir above,
 Swiftly to their wish be given,
 Kindle higher joy in heaven !
 Such the prospects that arise,
 To the dying Christian's eyes !
 Such the glorious vista Faith
 Opens through the shades of death !

Toplady.



HEAVENLY MINSTREL.

ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,
 A heavenly minstrel sings ;
 And sounds unutterably bright
 Spring from the golden strings.
 Who would have thought so fair a form
 Once bent beneath an earthly storm !

Yet was he sad and lonely here ;
Of low and humble birth ;
And mingled while in this dark sphere,
With meanest sons of earth,
In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
The jest of mortals and the scorn.

A crown of heavenly radiance now,
A harp of golden strings,
Glitters upon his deathless brow,
And to his hymn-note sings.
The bower of interwoven light
Seems at the sound to grow more bright.

Then, while with visage blank and sear,
The poor in soul we see ;
Let us not think what he is here,
But what he soon will be ;
And look beyond this earthly night,
To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.

Edmeston.



GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frost of Autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay ;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her voice
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look ;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move ;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet " Good night ! "

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

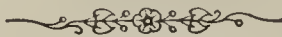
Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled —
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Has taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms;
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she, who, trembling here,
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

J. G. Whittier.



GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As if they had not died!

The living are the only dead ;
The dead live — nevermore to die ;
And often when we mourn them fled
They never were so nigh.

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim —
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to him!)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grafs!
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, Alas!

Or why should memory veil'd with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
Whose captives have escaped!

'T is but a mound — and will be mofsed
Whene'er the summer grafs appears ; —
The loved, though wept, are never loft ;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are ;
But, Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar!

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more; —
We look behind us for the past,
But lo! 't is all before!



GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'T is only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That last "good night" along the soul.

"Good night" — in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near,
When stilled the voice — O crush of pain! —
That ne'er shall breathe "good night" again.

Good night! it mocks us from the grave —
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence there flows no backward wave —
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, around, above,
"Good night," "good night," to life and love!

Good night! O, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
O, rather say, dull brain, once more,
"Good night! thy time of toil is o'er!"

Good night!—now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like gentle rain;
Good night! O, holy, blest and deep,
The rest that follows pain!
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no "good night."

Chambers' Journal.



THE VISION.

I FASHIONED in my soul a fantasy
Of most surpassing richness; as my heart
In memory turns to it, sigh follows sigh,
And my sad tear-drops in disquiet start.

I walked upon heaven's calm and azure shore,
And o'er my ear, like murmurings of the sea,
By distance softened, came the gathering roar
Of the far regions of mortality.

And thou wert with me there — thou best and bright
one,

Whom upon earth I loved and lost, and thou
With that sweet voice that could so well delight one,
Wert softly breathing thy heart's tremulous vow.

And thou wert mine forever — yes, forever,
In thine unfading beauty's earthless bloom;
There were no mortal hands our vows to sever,
There for our loves there yawned no mortal tomb.

And thou bent on me thine eye's meek affection
With an unchanging gaze; there was no fear,
No trouble in that sweet look, no dejection,
No earthly shade, save rapture's holy tear.

Then a bright angel, with a lovely voice,
Cried, "This for all your mortal sufferings;
This for your cross in patience borne — rejoice!"
The light air trembled to his passing wings.

And rapturous was our lot; undying youth,
Hearts purified by trial, fadeless love,
Rejoicing in the fulness of its truth;
All that on earth we vainly hoped to prove.

And yet, though angels now, we were meek-hearted:
The vision passed; in anguish I awoke,
Shed some sad tears o'er heavenly hopes departed,
Then patiently put on my mortal yoke.

THE REVERIE.

O! THAT in unfettered union,
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend!
Who the secret can unravel,
Of the body's mystic guest?
Who knows how the soul may travel,
Which unconsciously we rest?

While in pleasing thraldom lying,
Sealed in slumbers deep it seems,
Far abroad it may be flying—
What is sleep? and what are dreams?
Earth, how narrow thy dominions,
And how slow the body's pace!
O! to range on eagle pinions
Through illimitable space.

What is thought? can it be bounded?
Will it own a tyrant's chain?
By material things surrounded
Will it in their grasp remain?
No! it walks at large through nature,
Leaving lingering winds behind,

Tracing every well-known feature
Of the friend's congenial mind.

Has a strange, mysterious feeling,
Something shapeless, undefined,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,
Ne'er impressed thy pensive mind;
As if he, whose strong resemblance
Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident remembrance,
Knew your thoughts — and thought of you?

When at Mercy's footstool bending,
Thou hast felt a secret glow;
Faith and hope to heaven ascending,
Love still lingering below;
Say, has ne'er the thought impressed thee,
That thy friend might feel thy prayer!
Or the wish at least possessed thee,
He could then thy feeling share?

Who can tell? that fervent blessing,
Angels, did you hear it rise?
Do you thus your love expressing,
Watch o'er human sympathies?
Do ye some mysterious token
To the kindred bosom bear?
And to what the heart has spoken,
Wake a chord responsive there?

Laws, perhaps unknown, but certain,
 Kindred spirits may control;
 But what hand can lift the curtain,
 And reveal the awful soul?
 Dimly through life's vapor seeing,
 Who but longs for light to break!
 O this feverish dream of being!
 When, my friend, shall we awake?

Yes, the hour, the hour is hasting,
 Spirit *shall* with spirit blend;
 Fast mortality is wafting,
 Then the secret all shall end.
 Let, then, thought hold sweet communion,
 Let us breathe the mutual prayer,
 Till in heaven's eternal union,
 O my friend, to meet thee there!

PART II.

Oh! the hour when this material
 Shall have vanished like a cloud:
 When amid the wide ethereal,
 All the invisible shall crowd;
 And the naked soul, surrounded
 With innumerable hosts of light,
 Triumph in the view unbounded,
 And adore the Infinite.

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting place.

Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of early love retain?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissolve,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

No; the past she still remembers;
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers
Which must rise and live anew;
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
Mourns till she be clothed afresh!
Longs *perfection* to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,

Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest;
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heaven shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an *angel's* care?
O, thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod!
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence:
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new-clothed myriads rise!

Thought, repress thy weak endeavor,
 Here must reason prostrate fall :
 O the ineffable *For-Ever* !
 And *the Eternal . All in All* !

Conder.



HEAVEN.

THE golden palace of my God
 Towering above the clouds I see ;
 Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
 Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
 How can I in those courts appear
 Without a wedding-garment on ?
 Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
 Conduct me to thy glorious throne !
 And clothe me with thy robes of light,
 And lead me through sin's darksome night,
 My Saviour and my God.

Russian Poetry.



THE VALEDICTION.

WHEN the death-dews dim my eyes,
And my bosom panting lies,
Ebbing life's receding sighs,
Shorter, fainter, growing ;
Ere my spirit breaks her way,
Through her prison-walls of clay,
Into realms of endless day —
The land to which I'm going —

May the dear familiar band
Of weeping friends that round me stand,
Watching the decreasing sand,
Fast and faster flowing,
Chant some low strain, blending well
With the solemn passing bell,
Of the holy home to tell —
The land to which I'm going.

Let them sing, " Dear suffering one,
Soon thy journey will be done,
Thy fight be fought, thy race be run :
Thy soul, with rapture glowing,
The everlasting hills shall see,
Where pain no more can come to thee,

And neither sin nor sorrow be —
The land to which thou'rt going.

“He thy Saviour and thy guide,
For thy guilty sake that died,
Even now is by thy side,
Comfort thoughts bestowing.
Angelic forms their arms extend,
And smileth many a long-lost friend
Glad welcome to thy journey's end —
The land to which thou'rt going.”

Then, as the burden of their song
In faint sweet cadence dies along,
One happy, radiant look among
That group of mourners throwing;
Just as they faded from my view,
I fain would breathe one fond adieu,
Till in that land we meet anew —
The land to which I'm going.



OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me —
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there ;
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another — the household pet :
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail, —
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold,
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And lift for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land ;
I shall know the loved who have gone before, —
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Miss N. A. W. Priest.

H E A V E N .



HEAVEN.

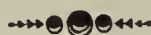
AN ANCIENT HYMN.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
Reward of grace how wondrous !
Short toil, — eternal rest !
Oh ! miracle of mercy,
That rebels should be blest !

That we, with sin polluted,
Should have our home so high !
That we should dwell in mansions
Beyond the starry sky !
And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And ever bright renown.

I know not, oh! I know not
 What social joys are there;
 What pure, unfading glory;
 What light beyond compare;
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly strives to image
 The assembly of the saints.

There is the throne of David;
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast!
 O Garden free from sorrow!
 O Plains that fear no strife!
 O princely Bowers, all blooming!
 O Realm and Home of life!



HEREAFTER.

O THOU, on earth beloved, adored,
 My friend, my father, and my Lord,
 I see thee now without a veil, —
 Help; or my dazzled sight will fail.
 O bear me to that burning throne
 I scarce can brook to gaze upon,

And give my kindling soul to prove
The raptures of ecstatic love ;
And learn unutterable lays,
And hymn thee in eternal praise !
Shrink like a scroll, thou frightened sky !
Earth — tremble into vacancy !
Lift to the pealing trumpet's swell,
Ye hideous depths of death and hell, —
Burst your strong chain, your gates unclose,
And break the long — the last repose.
Blest train of martyred saints, arise !
Look upward to your native skies !
Arise ! and claim your rich reward,
And share the triumph of your Lord.
Behold the promised heavenly home, —
The conquering palm, — the golden throne, —
And more than all, — that beaming eye,
Whose glance is love and ecstasy !
But lo ! what sudden splendors beaming,
O'er heaven's illumined arch are streaming ;
What hues of varied beauty blending,
What fair celestial towers descending !
O Salem, city of our God !
The saints' — the martyrs' blest abode, —
I see thy gates of pearl unfold,
I see thy streets of burnished gold ;
I see thy towers of crystal shine !
Meet temples for a King divine.
Hail perfect, pure in virgin pride !
The mighty Lamb's resplendent bride !

Within thy hallowed courts are found,
 No lurking cares to vex or wound :
 No dim eye sheds the hopeless tear,
 No bosom throbs with doubt or fear ;
 And hushed is Shame's tumultuous thrill,
 And Passion's warring storm is still.
 No bright sun beams by day, — by night
 No pale moon sheds her feebler light, —
 But from that throne of living fire,
 Where sits revealed the Eternal Sire,
 Where seraphs raise their loudest strain,
 To hail the Lamb that once was slain, —
 Though Faith and Hope have passed away,
 Love sheds a pure unchanging ray ;
 What faintly shone on earth before,
 Now beams and burns forevermore.

Dale.

PRAISE IN HEAVEN.

HARK ! hark ! the voice of ceaseless praise,
 Around Jehovah's throne ;
 Songs of celestial joy they raise,
 To mortal lips unknown.

Upon the sea of glass they stand,
 In shining robes of light ;

The harps of God are in their hand,
They rest not day or night.

Oh! for an angel's perfect love,
A seraph's soaring wing,
To sing with thousand saints above,
The triumphs of our King.

On earth our feeble voice we try,
In weakness and in shame,
We bless, we laud, we magnify,
We conquer in his name.

But oh! with pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore,
My God, to know thee as thou art,
Nor grieve thy spirit more.

Oh! blessed hope! a "little while,"
And we, amidst that throng,
Shall live in our Redeemer's smile,
And swell the angels' song.



THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA.

Rev. 21 : 1.

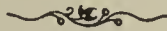
WHEN tempests tofs, and billows roll,
And lightnings rend from pole to pole ;
Sweet is the thought to me,
That one day it shall not be so :
In the bright world to which I go,
The tempest shall forget to blow :
There shall be no more sea.

My little bark has suffered much
From adverse storms ; nor is she such
As once she seemed to be :
But I shall shortly be at home,
No more a mariner to roam ;
When once I to the port am come,
There will be no more sea.

Then let the waves run mountains high,
Confound the deep, perplex the sky,
This shall not always be :
One day the sun will brightly shine
With life, and light, and heat divine ;
And when that glorious land is mine,
There will be no more sea.

My Pilot tells me not to fear,
But trust entirely to his care,
And he will guarantee,
If only I depend on him,
To land me safe in his good time,
In yonder purer, happier clime,
Where shall be no more sea.

Fyfb.



THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

Rev. 8 : 1.

CAN angel spirits need repose
In the full sun-light of the sky?
And can the veil of slumber close
A cherub's bright and blazing eye?

Have seraphim a weary brow;
A fainting heart, an aching breast!
No, far too high their pulses flow,
To languish with inglorious rest.

Oh! not the death-like calm of sleep
Could hush the everlasting song;
No fairy dream or slumber deep
Entrance the wrapt and holy throng.

Yet not the lightest tone was heard
From angel voice, or angel hand ;
And not one plumed pinion stirr'd
Among the pure and blissful band.

For there was silence in the sky,
A joy not angel tongues could tell, —
As from its mystic fount on high,
The peace of God in stillness fell.

O what is silence here below ?
The fruit of a conceal'd despair ;
The pause of pain, the dream of woe ; —
It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the way-worn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems that perfect peace,
Than the full chaunts of joy to hear,
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God.

HEAVEN.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous ;
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their breath sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies ;
Their hungry ears feed on the heavenly noise
That angels sing to tell their untold joys ;
Their understanding, naked truth, their wills,
The all and self-sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow ;
No bloodless malady empales their face :
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow ;
No nakedness their bodies doth embase ;
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace ;

No fear of death the joy of life devours ;
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers ;
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their wingéd
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at
pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain ;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe ;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time they do on food bestow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood :
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass.
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
On which soft streaming manna like pure snow did
wave.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony ;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite ;
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery ;
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily :

And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume ;
 A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
 That no satiety can e'er unlace ;
Ingraced into so high a favor there,
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater
 gains ;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless evening that remains
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous frame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of his name !

Giles Fletcher. 1586-1623.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly welcome thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before ;

Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the Great White Throne,
Nearer the Jasper Sea ;

Nearer that bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down —
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying dimly between,
Winding down through the night,
Lies the dark and uncertain stream
That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism ;

Father, perfect my trust !
 Strengthen my feeble faith !
 Let me feel as I would when I stand
 On the shores of the river of Death —

Feel as I would, were my feet
 Even now slipping over the brink ;
 For it may be I 'm nearer home,
 Nearer now, than I think !

Mr. Carey.



THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO worlds there are. To one our eyes we
 strain,
 Whose magic joys we shall not see again :
 Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
 Ah, truly breathed we there
 Intoxicating air —
 Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
 Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
 Whose love has yielded since to change or death ;
 The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
 Alas ! too soon have fled
 The irreclaimable dead :
 We see them — visions strange — amid the
 Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing —
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold : to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land — the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer,
People that happy land — the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand :
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful ? 'T is the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem —
Very far off — beyond our sensual dream —
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar :
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment — and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe —
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carol-
lings soar.
Eternal peace have they :
God wipes their tears away :
They drink that river of life which flows for
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo ! the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset ! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago :
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

Dublin University Magazine.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.



THE SOUL.

A GAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring :
Then, since to eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

“ All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shows their nature such ; ”
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains :

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side the first did issue make ;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the Ocean marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother Earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things
She flies close by the ground and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceased to wish when he had wealth ?
Or having wisdom was not vexed in mind ?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all ;
But pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So when the soul finds here no true content,
And like Noah's dove can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She, wooed and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great powers which on the earth bear sway,
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise ;

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by firs her fantasy possess ;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness ;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble, loving thoughts ;
Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
And sacred messages, her love hath sought ;

Of Him she thinks she cannot think too much ;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;
The pleasure of her ravished thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall His essence see,
This is her sovereign good, and perfect bliss,
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finished be,
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crowned with garlands of content ;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink :
That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

Sir John Davies. Born in 1570.



YOUTH AND AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries ;
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home ;

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Waller. Died in 1687.



HUMILITY.

O ! LEARN that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod ;
If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy,
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted
Is in God's sight a fool ;
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As his abiding rest ;
An angel by some patriarch's tent hath waited,
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valleys free ;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood,

But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighborhood.

The censer swung by the proud hand of merit,
Fumes with a fire abhorred ;
But faith's two mites, dropped covertly, inherit
A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers,
A sweet, unconscious grace,
Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers
The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, contentment is an honor,
Such guerdon Meekness knows ;
His peace within her, and His smile upon her,
Her saintly way she goes.

Through the strait gate of life she passes, stooping,
With sandals on her feet ;
And pure-eyed Graces, with linked palms, come trooping
Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings,
And guard her from annoy ;
Heaven fills her quiet heart with overflowings
Of calm, celestial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture
With which he walked on earth,

And though her childlike glance, and step and gesture,
He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven
On all whom he redeems,
And in his own bright city, crystal-paven,
On every brow it gleams.

The white-robed saints, the throne-stars finging under,
Their state all meekly wear;
Their pauseless praise wells up from hearts which
wonder
That ever they came there.

Christian Register.



ANSWER TO "THERE'S NOTHING BRIGHT BUT
HEAVEN."

AH! say no more, there's nought but heaven,
That's calm, and bright, and true;
Say not, our only portion's care,
That man is ever doomed to wear
The cypress wreath of woe;
Are there not pleasures of the soul
To feeble mortals given,
Feelings so pregnant with delight, —
A joy so warm, so calm, so bright,
To man allied to heaven,

That the rapt spirit has forgot
 Its tenement of clay,
Nor fondly wish'd its woes were o'er,
The conflict pass'd, and gained the shore
 Of never-ending day?

Oh, say no more, there's nothing true
 But the bright scenes of heaven.
Oh, there is truth in Mercy's page,
Directing youth, consoling age,
 Declaring sin forgiven.

Oh, say no more, there's nought but heaven,
 That's calm, or true, or bright;
Bright are the beams the Saviour sheds,
The radiance that the Gospel spreads
 Amid this realm of night;
Though loud the blast, though dark the day,
 We oft have peace at even:
If earth can yield such pure delight,
Or bliss so sacred and so bright,
 How calm, how true, how bright is heaven!

Tappin.



A THANKSGIVING FOR SETTLED HEALTH.

IN times of want we feel what bliss
Our years of plenty be ;
When war doth rage, the sweets of peace
The meanest wit can see.
And when with sickness we are pain'd,
We know it just, O Lord !
To render praise and thanks unfeign'd,
When health shall be restored.

Sure, then, the many healthful days
And years which I have had,
Deserve that hearty songs of praise
Should for the same be made ;
And that whilst health and strength do last,
I should the same employ
To memorize the mercies past,
And those which I enjoy.

Whilst others groan with aching bones,
With wounds or inward pains,
With gout, or those tormenting stones
Which fret and rend the reins ;
Yea, while ten thousands feel the smart
Which on the sick doth seize,

In head, in body, and in heart,
I am at perfect ease.

Lord! ever blessed be thy name,
For this external grace;
Preserve me thankful for the same,
Whilst thou prolongst my race.

And if to my immortal bliss
It shall not hindrance be,
Nor thou thereby due glory miss,
Thus healthful keep thou me.

But if my patience must be tried
By sickness and by pain,
Let sin thereby be mortified,
And virtue strength obtain.

Be pleased likewise, that whatso'er
Thy wisdom shall impose,
It be no more than I can bear,
Though strong and sharp it grows.

George Wither. 1588–1667.

BEFORE ENTERING ON DOMESTIC DUTIES.

O THOU that in thy lowly sojourn here,
Wouldst oft retire from the throng'd thoroughfare
Wouldst stay awhile Thy healing touch, and leave
The listening crowds that hung upon thy lips,
To share the meal domestic, and to join
In social converse, 'neath the quiet roof
Of thy loved Lazarus ; O ! be with me
Amidst my household duties, as thou wert
With his two sisters. — May thy gentle voice
Speak to my heart in sweet encouragement
Or mild reproof, and let me feel the gaze
Of those meek eyes fix'd on my every act,
And watching all I do. Grant me the grace,
Whilst Martha's busy offices demand
My lesser care, to cast my better thoughts
Down at thy feet, to sit with Mary there,
And listen to thy words of truth and love.
Teach me, with mind unruffled and serene,
To meet the hourly accidents of life ;
And let the tones of gentle patience lend
Their soft sweet music to my lightest word.
O ! may I bear in mind, that from the roots
Of wither'd and neglected duties spring
The rankest sin-weeds which infest the heart ;

That wisdom infinite has placed me here
 To work thy will, watch'd o'er by angels' eyes,
 Cherish'd and cared for, not alone by those
 Whom thou hast given to tread life's path with me,
 But with a love beyond all human ken,
 By thee on whom my hopes of heaven depend,
 My Lord, my God, my Saviour, and my Friend.

The Wife's Manual.



SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

O GOD! who on the tablets of the heart
 Gazest with thine all-searching eye, and there
 Dost read the record of each secret wish,
 Guard with thy grace the inlets to my soul,
 And chase away the traitor-thoughts within,
 That with temptation parleying stand, and fain
 Would let in sin and folly. Make me feel
 That in the gay and care-forgetting crowd
 Thou art as near me as in solitude ;
 Keep thou the portals of my lips, lest words
 Of levity, or censure undeserved,
 Abuse the freedom of my mirthful hours.
 Tinge my each word and action with a hue
 Of heart-born courtesy and holy love,
 That in the use of every social gift
 The happiness of others may be mine ;

And every effort which I make to please
 May be unmarr'd by envy or by pride.
 And as the glow-worm, that, itself unseen,
 Glads with the lustre of its tiny lamp
 Its little neighborhood of blade and flower,
 So grant, O Lord, my love of thee may shine,
 Not in the loud profession of my faith,
 But in the peace-light shed around my path,
 Still growing brightest in the darkest hour.

Rev. W. Calvert.

THE WIDOW.

“**T**HY will be done!” God of the desolate,
 Teach me, with heart resign’d, and calm, to say,
 “Thy will be done!” I know it was thy hand
 That gave; Oh! may I see thy hand alone
 Reclaiming that it graciously bestowed.
 Quiet my murmuring thoughts, still my regrets.
 How little I deserv’d my happy lot
 Should last so long! But life is now a void.
 Void did I say? forgive me, Lord; for life
 Is full of duties still, nor without joys.
 Have I not round about me those to love,
 And lead in holy paths? Are there no tears
 On other cheeks that I may wipe away?
 I bear his name, and I may hear it blessed

By grateful lips. The memory of his kind
 Approving smile, will it not glad each hour
 Of cheerful struggle against grief and sin?
 Guard me, and help me on my journey home,
 God of the widow, and the fatherless!
 May I forget my own, my bitter woes,
 In pouring comfort into others' breasts.
 Far from these lips be censure or complaint;
 And let me strive by every lawful means
 To hide the faults of others, and my grief.
 So by my glad some looks and happy tones,
 By sympathy in all the gentle joys
 Of young and merry hearts, may it appear
 How bright and sunny is the lot of those
 Who have Thy love, a solace in their woes,
 Who, clinging to Thy cross, their souls to save,
 Can look without one shudder towards the grave.

Rev. W. Calvert.



A WORKING-HYMN.

SON of the Carpenter, receive
 This humble work of mine;
 Worth to my meanest labor give
 By joining it to thine.

Servant of all, to toil for man
 Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:

Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless thro' outward cares I go,
From all distraction free :
My hands are but engag'd below,
My heart is still with thee.

O when wilt thou, my life, appear !
Then gladly will I cry,
'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finish'd, Lord — and die !

Wesley.



GRACE AFTER MEAT.

BLEST be the God, whose tender care
Prevents his children's cry,
Whose pity providently near
Doth all our wants supply.

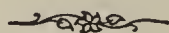
Blest be the God, whose bounteous store,
These cheering gifts imparts,

Who veils in bread the secret power
That feeds and glads our hearts.

Fountain of blessings, source of good,
To thee this strength we owe,
Thou art the virtue of our food,
Life of our life below.

When shall our souls regain the skies,
Thy heavenly sweetness prove :
Where joys in all their fullness rise,
And all our food is love.

Wesley.



AT TABLE.

FOUNTAIN of all the good we see
Streaming from heaven above,
Saviour, our faith we act on thee,
And exercise our love.

'T is not the outward food we eat
Doth this new strength afford,
'T is thou, whose presence makes it meat,
Thou the life-giving word.

Man doth not live by bread alone ;
Whate'er thou wilt can feed ;

Thy power converts the bread to stone,
And turns the stone to bread.

Thou art our food ; we taste thee now,
In thee we move and breathe,
Our bodies' only life art thou,
And all besides is death.

Wesley.



WORSHIP.

I WENT into the house of prayer,
'T was many a mile away ;
I knew no individual there —
I went to hear them pray ;
And by their supplications found
The place indeed was holy ground.

I did not ask their creed or name,
'T was scarcely worth a care ;
It was enough, a holy flame
Impelled their souls to prayer ;
And in my own, methought I found
A brother's love go circling round.

As pilgrims they themselves confest,
And strangers here below

To perfect joy, and solid rest,
Or — misanthropic woe !
And made a humble, happy claim
To heaven itself, in Jesus' name.

They were indeed a happy band, —
And they appeared to me
The salt that purifies the land
Amidst depravity ;
For to the potency of prayer,
We owe the blessings that we share.

Then let us raise hosannas high
To God the Father's name,
Who bids our supplications fly
On love's triumphant flame ;
And from his throne above the skies,
Sends down to earth such rich supplies.

E. Dermer



SON-DAYES.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest ! some shoots of
blisse ;
Heaven once a week ;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this ;
A day to seek :

Eternity in time ; the steps by which
We climb above all ages ; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days ; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

The pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower ;
The narrow way ;
Transplanted paradise ; God's walking houre ;
The cool o' th' day !
The creature's jubile ; God's parle with dust ;
Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres ;
Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;
A gleam of glory after six-days-showres !

The Churche's love-feasts ; time's prerogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole ; the combs and hive,
And home of rest.
The milky-way chalkt out with suns ; a clue,
That guides through erring hours ; and in full story
A taste of heav'n on earth ; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast ; and the out-courts of glory.

Henry Vaughan. 1621-1695.



H. SCRIPTURES.

WELCOME, dear book, soul's joy and food! the
feast

Of spirits ; heav'n extract'd lyes in thee.
Thou art life's charter, the dove's spotless nest
Where souls are hatch'd unto eternitie.
In thee the hidden stone, the manna lies ;
Thou art the great elixir rare and choice ;
The key that opens to all mysteries,
The word in character, God in the voice.

Thou art the oyl and the wine-house ;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of thine hath true life in't,
And God's bright minde exprest in print.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock ;
The hive of beamy, living lights ;
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun shed ;
Thy leaves are healing wings He spreads.

Vaughan.

SABBATH EVENING.

IS there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of Nature wear;
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With Nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear!

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will Night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet there will dawn at last the day,
A Sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies.

Edmeston.



THEY affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth; and arme against the rude
Affaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
O' th' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not!

Habington.

“**F**OR I have seen the pine,
Famed for its travels ore the sea,
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creek unpittied rot away.

I have seene cedars fall,
And in their roome a mushrome grow :
I have seene comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves : I have seene princes so.”



“**S**HOULD I my selfe ingratiate
T’ a prince’s smile,
How soone may death my hopes beguile !
And should I farme the proudest state,
I’me tennant to uncertaine fate.”



“**O** THOU Æternall banquet ! where
Forever we
May feede without satietie !
Who harmonie art to the eare !
Who art, while all things else appeare !”

Habington. 1605-1654.

FROM THE "CHERUBIC PILGRIM."

The Eyes of the Soul.

TWO eyes hath every soul; one into Time shall
see,
The other bends its gaze into Eternity.

Humble and Free.

From lowly daifies learn, O men! how ye may be
Both good and beautiful, humble in heart and free.

Learn from the Silkworm.

O shame! A silkworm works and spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still on thine old earth-clod lie.

God is a Blessed Stillness.

We pray, "On earth, in Heaven, O Lord, be done
thy will,"
And yet God has no will, but is forever still.

Johannes Angelus Silesius.

FROM ALGER'S ORIENTAL POETRY.

Tradition and Life.

BE no imitator; freshly act thy part;
Through this world be thou an independent ranger:
Better is the faith that springeth from thy heart,
Than a better faith belonging to a stranger.

The Haunt of Wisdom.

Seek truth from thought, and not from mouldy books,
O fool!
Look in the sky to find the moon, not in the pool.

Truth out of Convulsion: from Dewletschah.

Whene'er the sea upheaves its foaming hofts,
Pearl after pearl it tosses on the coasts.

Not Fate, but Skill.

Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee!

Educate Thyself.

O square thyself for use; a stone that may
Fit in the wall, is not left in the way.

Fount and River.

The bad fount, which a pitcher can hide from your
view,
Feeds a stream which an elephant scarce can wade
through.

The Triple Murder.

These three men all at once to death the flander-poison
burns :
The one who speaks, the one who hears, the one whom
it concerns.

The Ideal Philosophy. From Mahmoud.

Nothing is the mirror, and the world the image in it :
God the shower is, who shows the vision every minute.

The Bitter Cup Sweet.

My God once mixed a harsh cup, for me to drink it,
And it was full of acrid bitterness intensest ;
The black and nauseating draught did make me shrink
from it,
And cry, " O Thou who every draught alike dispensest,
This cup of anguish sore, bid me not to quaff of it,
Or pour away the dregs and the deadliest half of it !"
But still the cup he held ; and seeing He ordained it,
One glance at Him, — it turned to sweetness as I
drained it.

The Ninth Paradise.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises ;
 Where is the ninth one ? In the human breast.
 Only the blessed dwell in th' Paradises,
 But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
 Created creatures are in th' Paradises,
 The uncreated Maker in the breast.
 Rather, O man, want those eight Paradises,
 Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
 Given to thee are those eight Paradises
 When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.

The Unwalled House of God.

The holy Nanac on the ground, one day,
 Reclining, with his feet towards Mecca, lay.
 A passing Moslem priest, offended saw,
 And flaming for the honor of his law,
 Exclaimed, "Base infidel, thy prayers repeat !
 Towards Allah's house how dar'st thou turn thy feet ?"
 Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
 The pious but indignant Nanac cried,
 "And turn them, if thou canst, towards any spot
 Wherein the awful House of God is not !"

A HYMN WHILST WE ARE WASHING.

AS we by water wash away
Uncleanness from our flesh,
And sometimes often in a day,
Ourselves are fain to wash :
So ev'ry day, thoughts, words, or deeds,
The soul do sully so,
That often every day she needs
Unto her cleanser go.

Our sins purgation doth require,
Sometime a flood of tears ;
Sometime the painful purging fire
Of torments, griefs, or fears :
And all this cleansing will be lost,
When we our best shall do,
Unless we by the Holy Ghost,
May be baptized too.

George Wither.



FOR ONE THAT HEARS HIMSELF MUCH PRAISED.

MY sins and follies, Lord ! by thee
From others hidden are,
That such good words are spoke of me,
As now and then I hear ;
For sure if others knew me such,
Such as myself I know,
I should have been dispraised as much
As I am praiséd now.

The praise, therefore, which I have heard,
Delights not so my mind,
As those things make my heart afeard,
Which in myself I find :
And I had rather to be blamed,
So I were blameless made,
Than for much virtue to be famed,
When I no virtues had.

Though flanders to an innocent,
Sometimes do bitter grow,
Their bitterness procures content,
If clear himself he know.
And when a virtuous man hath err'd,
If praised himself he hear,

It makes him grieve, and more afeard,
Than if he slander'd were.

Lord! therefore make my heart upright,
Whate'er my deeds do seem;
And righteous rather in Thy fight,
Than in the world's esteem.
And if aught good appear to be
In any act of mine,
Let thankfulness be found in me,
And all the praise be Thine.

George Wither.



VIRTUE.

THRICE happy he whose name is writ above,
And doeth good through gaining infamy;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And recks not what befalls him outwardly;
Whose worth is in himselfe, and only blisse
In his pure conscience that doth nought amisse.

Who placeth pleasure in his purgéd soul,
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem;
Who can his passions master and controll,
And that true lordly manlinesse doth deeme;
Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,
Counts nought his own but what lives in his spright.

So when his spright from this vain world shall flit,
It bears all with it whatsoever was dear
Unto itself, passing in easy fit,
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' ear,
Thus mindlesse of what idle men will say
He takes his own and stilly goes his way."

—— True virtue to herself's the best reward,
Rich with her own, and full of lively spirit,
Nothing cast down for want of due regard,
Or 'cause rude men acknowledge not her merit;
She knows her worth, and stock from whence she
sprung,
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung.

Dewed with the drops of heaven shall flourish long;
As long as day and night do share the skie,
And though that day and night should faile, yet strong
And steddie, fixed on eternitie,
Shall bloom forever. So the soul shall speed,
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

Though sooth to say, the worldly meed is due
To her more than to all the world beside;
Men ought do homage with affections true,
And offer gifts, for God doth there reside;
The wise and virtuous soul is his own seat,
To such what's given God himself doth get.

Dr. Henry More. 1614-1687.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

THE Church of Christ that he hath hallow'd here
To be his house, is scattered far and near,
In North and South and East and West abroad,
And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ her Lord,
The Church is one.

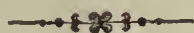
One member knoweth not another here,
And yet their fellowship is true and near,
One is their Saviour, and their Father one,
One Spirit rules them, and among them none
Lives to himself.

They live to Him who bought them with his blood,
Baptized them with his Spirit pure and good,
And in true faith and ever-burning love
Their hearts and hope ascend to seek above
The eternal Good.

O Spirit of the Lord, all life is thine,
Now fill thy Church with life and power divine,
That many children may be born to thee,
And spread thy knowledge like the boundless sea,
To Christ's great praise.

A. G. Spangenberg. 1747.

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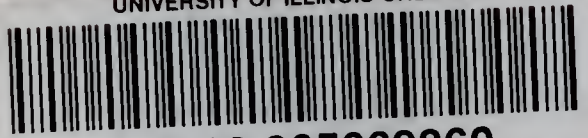
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